HELL OPEN'D,

OR,

The Infernal Sin of Murther Punished.

BEING

A True Relation of the Poysoning of a whole Family in *Plymouth*, whereof Two died in a short time.

For which horrid Fact, the Malefactors were Condemned before the Lord Chief Justice *North* at *Exceter*, the last *Lent* Assizes. The one to be Burnt, the other to be Hanged.

WITH

An Account of the several Discourses, and Religious means used by divers godly Ministers to bring them to Repentance.

Published for a warning to both Young and Old, to flie Iniquity, and exercise themselves in the practice of Godliness.

By *J. Q.* Minister of the Gospel.

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Eglesfield*, at the Sign of the *Marygold* in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard, 1676.

The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death. Prov. 14. 27.

A Man that doth violence to the Blood of any Person, shall flee to the Pit, let no Man stay him. Prov. 28. 17.

The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands. Psal. 9. 16.

Ἔξω οἱ κύνες, καὶ οἱ φαρμακοὶ, *without (the Gates of Heaven) are the Dogs, and the* POYSONERS. Rev. 22. 15.

And they became a sign. Numb. 26. 10.

And Israel shall hear, and fear, and do no more such wickedness. Deut. 13. 11.

3/2'02

To the Right Worſhipful *John Dell* Major, and to the Worſhipful *william Weeks*, *William Jennings*, and *John Martyn*, Juſtices of the Peace, together with their Brethren the Magiſtrates of the Town of *Plymouth*. And to my very Honored Friend, *John Harris* of *Manniton* Eſquire.

Sirs,

I *Have read ſomewhere of an* Hermite, *who being guided by an Angel unto two Cities, ſaw the Gates of the firſt cloſe ſhut, and a Devil having the Keys thereof at his Girdle in a deep ſleep, and ſnorting. From thence he is led unto the other, (which was fair and ſpacious,) and finds the Gates wide open, innumerable Devils crouding and thronging in, multitudes climbing over the Walls, and whole ſwarms of them in the Churches, Streets, Houſes, Shops, Walks, and all other Avenues*

and places of concourſe, exceedingly employed, buſying and beſtirring themſelves to the utmoſt for the ruine of it, and her Inhabitants. At which wondring beyond meaſure, the Angel told him, yonder City is the worſt of the Two, ingulpht in all wickedneſs and irreligion, ſo that Beelzebub *hath no fear of looſing it, and therefore there is but one Devil to guard it, and his work ſo little, that he ſleeps. But as for this wherein now we are, here are many Souls fearing and ſerving God, Religion is profeſſed, and Religious Worſhip countenanced and incouraged, and the Holy Angels of God are watching over theſe precious Saints and their Habitations to preſerve them. This hath cauſed Hell to break looſe, and to endeavor by all means, and arts imaginable their ruine, and its deſtruction.*

Sirs, I think this be no unfitting Emblem of our Plymouth, *wherein I truſt there are multitudes of Gods dear Servants, as well as Sinners: But I fear me, multitude of Devils alſo, that walk in*

Temples

Temples and Congregations, in Streets and Houſes, in Chambers and Cloſets, in Ships and Shops, upon Keys and Exchange. The over abounding of Sin among us, and of late of that hainous and crying ſin of Blood and Murther, (for which Two of the prime Actors (and God knows whether there be any other) have ſuffered condign puniſhment,) is too ſad and clear an inſtance hereof. When Hannibal *was at the Gates of* Rome, *it was more than time for the Conſuls and Senate to look about them. Woe! Woe! Unto the Inhabitants of the Earth, ſaith an Angel from Heaven, Becauſe the Devil is come down among you, having great wrath, for his time is ſhort. He doth not appear in a viſible ſhape at noon day, but walks (as his younger Son the* Jeſuite) *in all ſorts of Maſques and diſguiſes, in every habit and faſhion, and among Perſons of every Trade, Calling, Quality, and Condition.*

Now, Sirs, God having conſtituted you the Angel-Guardians *of our* Plymouth,

and made you Gods unto it, there is all reaſon you ſhould be awake, and do your utmoſt to prevent the Stratagems and attempts of Hell againſt it. I know no other way or means that you have, than by an exemplary Holineſs in your lives, than by walking with God in your reſpective Families and Callings, than by a couragious, zealous, active for God and Godlineſs, and a vigorous ſuppreſſion, and impartial puniſhing of all Vice and Impiety. Would you but continue your great reſpects and incouragements to your Reverend and Learned Miniſters, and joyn both Swords together, Temporal and Spiritual, I am confident the deſigns of Hell againſt you would be broken, fruſtrated, and rendered ineffectual.

Honored Sirs, My hearts deſire and Prayer for you is, that you may do worthily in your Ephrata, *and Famouſly in your* Bethlehem, *that you may glorifie God in your Station, and that God may reflect rays and beams of Glory upon you,* For ſuch as Honor him, God will

will Honor them, but they that deſpiſe him ſhall be lightly eſteemed, 1 Sam. 2. 30.

Sirs, if you will ſuppreſs all prophaneneſs, and by your Authority put out the Fire of uncleanneſs, if you will ſtop the Mouth, and Gag the Tongue of the Swearer, that the Roaring of Oaths and Curſes be not heard in our Streets, if you will promote true practical Piety, and perſevere as you have begun in the conſcientious diſcharge of your Magiſtratical Duty, the God of bleſſings will bleſs your perſons and Families, and Plymouth *ſhall never be a* Sodom *but* Zion, *ſhall ever be a* Jeruſalem *for Goſpel-priviledges, a Pillar and Ground of Truth, rich and flouriſhing as* Tyre *for Trade and Traffick, and as formerly, ſo in after-times a* Zoar *for Divine ſafety and wonderful preſervations.*

That endeared affection I have for the Town of my Nativity, where I firſt drew my breath, and where I had my School-Education, moveth me to ſpeak

and

and write ſo freely. And your true goodneſs cannot but make a candid interpretation thereof.

May Plymouth, *her Magiſtrates and Government ever live before God! May this Famous Town be called* Hephzibah *and* Beulah, *the* Delight of God, and Married *unto God! Let her be called the Righteous, the Holy City! And may this be her name unto Poſterity,* Jehovah Shamma, The Lord is there. *So prayeth, Right Honored Sirs.*

From my Study in Plymouth, April 7. 1676.

Your moſt humble and unfeigned Sevant in our Lord Jeſus,

John Quicke.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Devil is ſtiled by our bleſſed Saviour. *A Murderer from the beginning*: Having deſtroyed himſelf by his wilful Apoſtacy from God, and being juſtly baniſhed the Glories of the celeſtial Paradiſe for his Voluntary Rebellion, he turned about him, ſeeking how and in what manner he might be revenged on his Judg. And after all his rueful thoughts and conſultations could find no expedient more likely to ſucceed and take than the *working miſchief on mankind.*

Our firſt Parents a Compendium of both Worlds, Sublunary and Ætherial, the Crown of Gods Creation, *but a little lower than the Angels*, are become the objects of his rage and fury. Satan had loſt Heaven, and he envies them Earth. Their habitation in an Earthly Heaven ſo pleaſeth him, becauſe it pleaſeth God. They juſt now came out of their *Creators hands* endowed with a double Portion, Holyneſs and happineſs: But he reſolves they ſhall not long enjoy either. Hence in the very firſt *dawn* of their Creation, he contrived and accompliſhed their deſtruction. He ſubtilly inſinuates the poyſon of ſin by his conferences with, and ſuggeſtions unto *Eve*, and ſhe having once taſted of the doſe, and allured with the deceitful pleaſantneſs thereof to her ſenſual appetite, communicates it to her Husband, and they both derive it down unto all their natural poſterity.

Ah! How many Murders were in this One? Mankind made and ruined altogether. Certainly they who plotted the blowing up of King and Kingdom in One hour, they who effected the *Sicilian Veſpers*, *Pariſian*

Parisian Mattins, *and Irish Massacres* had been all trained up and Educated in the Schools of this, this old, and Grand *Abaddon*.

Adam being in Honor, continued not a day in it. His glorious state did shine, and set with the same Sun. In the Morning it flourished and grew up, in the Evening it was cut down and withered like the Grass. He played away (as a besotted Gamester) his whole, and all present and to come, what he had in possession, what he might have in Reversion, at one cast. Nothing was left him but his sin and curse, and this he propagates unto all his Children. (A most sad Portion) to be inherited by us.

Sin being now conceived doth prodigiously spawn and swarm. The Old Serpent is not idle. His boiling malice gives him no rest. His first born like the Plague spreads its venom universally, and new Monsters are hatched and produced by it every day. New sins in new shapes, in odious and hideous colours shew forth their heads. Grace is modest. Sin impudent and shameless: It seeketh no disguise, nor putteth on a Vizard, but for its own security, and in order to further mischief, to perpetrate some greater Villany.

The Devil having set variance between God and Man, will give another cast of his Office: He throws a Bone of contention between Man and Man. The nearest Relations, the dearest Friends, they that had the same flesh in their Bodies, the same blood in their veins, that if not Twins yet scarce divided in their age, that were Nurst, Fed, and Educated together, both alike tendered by their Indulgent and Religious Parents, shall yet through his subtilty and cruelty be sundered and divided one from the other: And if he cannot drag them both with himself into Hell, yet will he precipitate the

the one by a bloody and Barbarous death into his untimely Grave, and the other (by a ſin like his own) into the bottomleſs Pit of deſtruction ere he is aware of it.

Cain by the inſtigation of the wicked one, upon no provocation, no offence given, (unleſs Gods gracious acceptance of *Abel* for his Faith and Holineſs be a crime,) Murthers his own, his only and deareſt Brother. Bloody Villain! Thou choppeſt off thy right hand with thy left, thou daſheſt out thine own Brains in dathing out his. Thou deſtroyeſt his body, but damneſt thine own Soul. Ah, what grief is this to Pious *Adam!* Oh, what joy and Muſick unto Hell! Revenge is ſweet. But its a poor revenge, Satan! Which ends in thine own, in thine endleſs deſtruction.

However the Devil hath ſhown the way of Murthering, and bad Arts are ſoon learnt. Any one may be an eaſie and early proficient in Ungodlineſs, the whole and old World ſoon got the skill of it. God ſaw that the wickedneſs of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. The Earth alſo was corrupt before God, and filled with Violence: All fleſh had perverted its way, and blood touched blood.

There was no fair and gentle means left unaſſayed by God to reclaim ſinners, to dam up, if poſſible, the torrents of their ungodlineſs, to ſtench thoſe foul iſſues, and frequent effuſions of Innocent blood. *Adam*, and the Holy Patriarks decry it down in their Lives and Sermons. *Enoch* (the *Phœnix* of his Age for the life and power of Godlineſs ſhining moſt illuſtriouſly in his Converſation) Thunders out Propheſies of dreadful Judgments againſt the irreligious *Cainites*. *Behold*, ſaith that Glorious

Saint

Saint, *The Lord cometh with Holy Myriads of Angels to Execute vengeance upon all the ungodly, and to convince you of your ungodliness in flames of Fire, who will not be convinced by our Ministry. Upon the wicked he shall Rain Snares, Fire, and Brimstone, and an horrible Tempest. This shall be the Portion of their Cup.*

But the Prophet is counted a Fool, and the Spiritual man Mad, and his Menaces of approaching wrath idle Dreams, melancholly thoughts, bugbears to fright Children, and bublings up of his envy and malice against them. Thus he and his Prophecies are despised, and scornfully rejected.

At last fair warning and loud calls and Summons unto Repentance having been long afforded them, and not accepted, nor in the least improved, the patience of God is tired, mercy finally departs from them, and Divine Justice sweeps away the Habitations and persons of those Scarlet Sinners with a deluge of Waters.

One would have thought that such a fearful Judgment should have cautioned afterages from ever treading in their steps. But alas! Posterity is grown stupid, and Judgment-proof. As for Gods Judgments the wicked makes a puff at them, they are afar off, above, and out of his sight, he forgets and makes no reckoning, nor account of them. God hath Hanged up some in Chains before their eyes, Executed a whole World of Malefactors, and made them an everlasting *Sign and Example* to them, yet they willfully shut their eyes that they may not see, and lock up the Doors of their hearts, that they may not consider for what causes this great wrath is come upon them. So that we need not wonder at Gods plaguing such willful blind Souls. It is but a righteous Retribution that his Justice oweth them. In as much as they regarded

regarded not the works of the Lord, nor took notice of the operation of his hand, he could not build them up, he muſt totally and utterly deſtroy them. Sinners are the Voluntary Carvers of their own misfortunes. They choose and Create unto themſelves their own bane and deſtruction, Temporal and Eternal. The reading of this enſuing Narrative will be a clear proof and evidence hereof.

The

Books Printed for, and are to be Sold by Francis Eglesfield, *at the* Marygold *in St.* Pauls *Church-Yard.*

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THE NARRATIVE.

ON *Munday the* 23 *day of* August *laſt*, 1675. Elizabeth, *the Wife of Mr.* William Weeks *of* Plymouth Dyer, *after many and frequent Vomitings and violent Purgations, departed this life towards the Evening. Her Husband and Daughter were ſeized with the ſame extraordinary motions, accompanied with grievous Pains and Swellings in their Stomacks, with cold Sweats and Faintings, as alſo with a great and unquenchable Drought.*

A Phyſitian being called, and conſulted with upon the caſe, giveth in his Judgment that they were Poyſoned. That which induced him the more readily to determine of the nature and manner of their Sickneſs, and her death, was a quantity of Crude Arſenick, *preſented him by a Neighbor of theſe Afflicted and Murthered Perſons, which ſhe had found in a Pot of Oatmeal in the Kitchin.*

At the ſame time the Child of Miſtris Pengelley *(Daughter unto the ſaid Mr.* Weeks *) was alſo affected with the ſame Symptoms, and* Philip Cary *her Nurſe, together with her Husband, were found Counterfeiting Sickneſs and Vomitings. Wine and Oyl had been given them, which procured a more eaſie relaxation and diſcharge of their Stomacks, and through the Bleſſing of God, upon the uſe of that and other means contributed, to the recovery of the Child and his Grand-Father. Only his Daughter Miſtris* Pengelley, *having labored Eight or Ten days under exquiſite torments without any remiſſion, (Phyſick and Phyſitians being diſabled by Gods Holy wiſe Providence, from affording her any relief or ſuccor,) ſhe alſo yielded up the Ghoſt.*

The noiſe of this horrid Accident was ſoon ſpread abroad, and immediately the Nurſe and her Husband, and a Prentice Girle in the Houſe were ſuſpected, and apprehended for it.

The firſt which was brought before the Major of the Town, was Anne Evans *Apprentice to the ſaid Miſtris* Weeks, *a Poor Child, whoſe Mother being dead, had been bound out in the Majoralty of Mr.* Peter Schaggel, *Anno* 1672. *by the Church-Wardens and Over-Seers of* Charles *Pariſh, being then about Twelve or Thirteen years old.*

And now making her appearance, ſhe was examined by him, and another Juſtice of his Majeſties Peace; which for the ſatisfaction of my Readers curioſity, and for a further diſcovery of this Crying and Helliſh ſin, I ſhall crave his pardon, if he be troubled with an Authentick Relation thereof, and of the other perſons depoſitions concerning it, as they were tranſcribed from the day Book of the Town.

The Examination and Information of Anne Evans *of* Plymouth *Spinſter, taken before the Right Worſhipful* William Weeks *Major of* Plymouth, *and* William Jennings *Merchant, two of his Majeſties Juſtices of the Peace, within the ſaid* Burrough, 25. *Auguſt.* 1675.

THE ſaid Examinant ſaith, that ſhe being ſent on *Thurſday* laſt by her Maſter, *William Weeks* Dyer, to buy ſome * Girts in the Marker, ſhe this Examinant accordingly did buy a Pottle of *Joan* the Wife of *George Searle*, and brought them home to her Maſters Houſe, and put ſome of the ſame * Girts into the Pot to make Pottage the Sunday following, and this Informant further ſaith, that at Noon ſhe laded up a Diſh of Pottage to her Maſter, and a Diſh to her Miſtris, *Elizabeth* Wife to the ſaid *William Weeks*, and alſo a Diſh of Pottage for her ſelf, and *John Pengelley* Son of *Mary Pengelley*; and this Examinant further ſaith, that after her Miſtris had eaten the Pottage, ſhe did complain in her Stomack, Head and Belly, and ſaid that ſhe was very Sick, and then ſhe preſently Vomited very much, and about an hour after ſhe went to Bed, and kept continually Vomiting and Purging till Munday laſt, and in the Evening ſhe died, and her Maſter then alſo Vomited, and Purged, and lieth now a Bed very Sick, and alſo ſaith, that ſhe waſhing ſome of the Girts afterwards, ſhe found ſome Yellow thing in the Girts, and as this Informant was told by ſome people, that it was Poyſon.

* *Oatmeal.*

* *Oatmeal.*

The Sign of *Anne Evans*, *A. E.*

The Information of Gray Holland *Doctor in Phyſick, taken as aforeſaid on Oath.*

THe ſaid Informant ſaith, that on Munday laſt, being the three and twentieth day of this inſtant *Auguſt*, about Nine of the Clock in the Evening, he being ſent for to come to the Houſe of *William Weeks* of this Town Dyer; This Informant was by the people of the Houſe informed concerning the death of the ſaid Maſter *Weeks* his Wife, who told him that ſhe was taken with Vomiting, Scouring and Purging, and ſaith, that the ſaid *William Weeks* Dyer, being a Bed Sick, he asked him how he did, who told him, that he had a great pain in his Stomack, and that he was ſwollen in his Stomack, and whatſoever he did take, he did Vomit it up again; And this Informant further ſaith, that he going into a Chamber to ſee Miſtris *Mary Pengelley*; who told this Informant, that ſhe had a very great pain in her Stomack, and was ſwollen, and that ſhe was taken with violent Purging and Vomiting, and cold Sweats, and Faintings, with great drought; And this Informant being ſo informed, he judged that there was Poyſon in the Caſe, and thereupon deſired to make an inquiry concerning it; And this Informant farther ſaith, that yeſterday in the Morning, one Miſtris *Hurd* bringing to him ſomething which ſhe had taken out of ſome of the Girts, which was put in the Portage; This Informant judged it to be Poyſon.

Gray Holland.

The

The Information of Mary *the Wife of* James Hurd *of* Plymouth *Merchant, taken as aforeſaid on Oath.*

THe ſaid Informant ſaith, that ſhe was ſent for to come to the Houſe of *William Weeks* Dyer, on Sunday laſt paſt, and when this Informant came to the ſaid Houſe, ſhe met with Miſtris *Pengelley*, who told her that ſhe was very Sick, and that her Father and Mother were alſo very Sick, that they were a Bed aſleep. This Informant departed, and came again the next Morning, and this Informant then meeting with the ſaid Miſtris *Pengelley*, ſhe asked her how her Father and Mother did, who told her that they were very ill, and deſired this Informant to go up in the Chamber and ſee them: And when this Informant came into the Chamber, ſhe found the ſaid Maſter *Weeks* and his Wife very ill, with Vomiting and Purgings; and ſhe demanded of them what they had eaten the day before: They ſaid, nothing but Pottage; And this Informant further ſaith, that ſhe coming into the Court of the ſaid Maſter *Weekes*, ſhe ſaw Vomiting there which the Dog had done, whereupon ſhe deſired them to take ſome Oyl and Sack, which was taken by Maſter *Weeks* and his Daughter *Pengelley*, but his Wife did take very little, and that the Nurſe and Child took ſome Sack and Oyl likewiſe. And this Examinant further ſaith, that the ſaid Miſtris *Weeks* continued ſo bad till about Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, and then died: And endeavoring to find out the cauſe, the next day they put a Spoonful of the ſame * Girts which were in the Pottage, and boyled it in a Pint of Water, and gave the ſame to the Dog. And about half an hour after, the Dog was taken with Vomitings, and looking into the bottom of the Skillet wherein the

**Oatmeal.*

Water and Girts were boyled, took out ſome Yellow thing, which they underſtood to be Yellow *Arſenick*; to make a further diſcovery, they took the remainder of the * Girts, and put them in a Bowl of Water, intending to ſee what was therein, to ſtand a little while, and when they came to ſee for it, the * Girts were taken out, and the Water thrown away by *Anne Evans* (Apprentice to the ſaid *William Weeks* Dyer) into the Sink; and ſeeing after wards into the Sink, they took up ſome more of the Poyſon, and ſhewed it to Doctor *Holland*, and ſome other Phyſitians, who ſaid it was Yellow *Arſenick*.

* *Oatmeal.*

* *Oatmeal.*

Mary Hurd.

The Information of Hugh Littleworth, *taken before the Right Worſhipful* William Weeks *Major of* Plymouth. *Auguſt* 25. 1675.

THe ſaid Informant ſaith, that he having ſome diſcourſe with *Anne Evans*, ſhe ſaid, that there had been a difference between the Nurſe *Philip* Wife of *Richard Cary* and her Miſtris *Weeks*, and the ſaid *Philip Cary* ſaid, that ſhe would fit her Miſtris, and the ſaid *Philip Cary* asking of the ſaid *Evans* where ſhe ſhould have any *Rats-bane*. Who replied, if ſhe did go to the Apothecary, he would take her name. And alſo the ſaid *Evans* confeſſed to this Informant, that ſhe gathering of Herbs on Wedneſday or Thurſday laſt in the Garden, ſome Stones were thrown in over the Wall into the Garden, and at laſt a Paper was thrown in, which ſhe took up and carried it in, and put it in a Salt-Sellar, ſhewing it to the ſaid *Philip Cary*, who told her that ſhe did not know what it was, and then ſhe

she put it into the Salt-Sellar again, and seeking for it on Sabbath day at night, it was gone out of the Salt-Sellar. And this Informant further saith, that he was informed by *Christopher Scibbow*, that the said *Philip Cary* was packing up her Cloaths to be gon.

Hugh Littleworth.

Elizabeth Cronc and *Anne Partridge* both depose the same.

The Information of the said Philip Cary *taken as aforesaid.*

THe said Informant saith, that on Munday was Sevennight, there was a difference between her and her Mistris concerning the Frying of Pilchards, and amongst other things, the said Mistris *Weeks* called this Informant Whore, and said, that she was her Husbands Whore. And this Informant told the said Mistris *Weeks*, that she had made a difference between this Informant and her Husband; but the next Morning the said Mistris *Weeks* and this Informant were very good Friends; and this Informant going to call her Husband where he was at Keels, he took up a Bowl in his Hand, and said, that she should go home to Master *Weeks*, for that she was his Whore. And this Informant further saith, that this Informant and her Husband being invited to Dinner to the said Master *Weeks* his House on Sabbath day last, and when she came, there was a Dish of Pottage laded up before she came, which she did eat, and her Husband did eat two Dishes of the same Pottage.

And this Informant further saith, that Mistris *Pengelley* did tell this Informant, that *Anne Evans* did

riſe on Sabbath day by Four of the Clock in the Morning, which ſhe did wonder at, and this Informant further ſaith, that the ſaid *Anne Evans* told her, that ſhe would go away with the Mountebanks, for ſhe could not indure the hardneſs of her Miſtris.

And this Informant further ſaith, that the Munday following, ſhe Vomited and Purged, and that ſhe had great pains in her Stomack, and Griping in the Guts, and alſo ſaith, that there are no retainers belonging to the Houſe beſides this Informant, and the ſaid *Anne Evans*, and that no one elſe doth dreſs the Meat.

The Examination of Anne Evans, *taken as aforeſaid on Oath the 16th. of* Auguſt, 1675.

THe ſaid Examinant ſaith, that about a Fourtnight or Three Weeks ſince, there then being a difference between her Miſtris *Elizabeth Weeks*, and Nurſe *Philip Cary*, the ſaid Nurſe ſaid, that ſhe would fit her one way or other. And this Informant further ſaith, that a Tueſday laſt, ſhe going out into the Garden to gather Herbs, amongſt the Marygolds ſhe found a Paper, in which was a yellow Stone, which ſhe thought was Painting, but now ſhe ſuppoſeth it was *Rats-bane*, ſo this Informant carried it in, and put it in a Salt-Sellar, and a Saturday ſhe ſhewed the ſame to the Nurſe, and asked her what it was, who told her ſhe knew not, and then ſhe put it in the Salt-Sellar again.

And this Examinant further ſaith, that the next day after the ſaid difference, the ſaid Nurſe told this Examinant, ſhe did wiſh the old *Gypſon* were ſo far as ſhe did wiſh her, and ſaid that ſhe would fit her, and this Examinant asking her how, ſhe anſwered, a little

Rat,

Rats-bane would make work with her by and by. And this Examinant asking her where she would have it, she said that there was enough at the Apothecaries. And this Examinant told her, that he would take her name, and she answered, that there was an Apothecary in St. *Andrews Street* that did not know her.

And this Examinant further saith, that on Saturday last, this Examinant fetched a Pot of Beer for her Master before he went to *Plympton*, and her Master made a Toast, and put in Nutmeg and Sugar therein, and did Drink thereof, and her Mistris *Pengelley*, and her Son *John*, and put the remainder in the Window, and when this Examinant came to see for the Drink, there was a great Spider in it, then she took out the Spider with a Spoon, and left in the Window, and a little after she asking the Nurse whether she had drank the Beer that stood in the Window, she said no. Then this Examinant told her that there was a Spider in it, but she had taken it out, and did believe that her Mistris had drank it; then the Nurse replied, thou shouldest have let it alone thou Fool, and not have taken it out, but shouldest have squatted it abroad in the Beer.

The Sign of *Anne* A.E. *Evans*.

The Examination of the said Philip Cary, *taken as aforesaid.*

THe said Examinant being demanded whether she did say that she did wish the old *Gypson* were so far as she did wish, and that she would fit her, and whether she did say that her *Rats-bane* would work with her by and by, or words to that effect, she answered, no. And being demanded whether she had any

any diſcourſe with the ſaid *Anne Evans* touching the Spider on Saturday laſt, which ſhould be taken out of the Beer, ſhe ſaith ſhe had; and being demanded why ſhe ſaid to the ſaid *Evans*, that ſhe ſhould have let the Spider alone and ſquatted it abroad in the Beer, or uſed any words to that effect, ſhe ſaith, that ſhe had no diſcourſe with her, nor ſpake any ſuch thing; and this Examinant further ſaith, that ſhe did hear the ſaid *Anne Evans* ſay, that ſhe would make away with her Miſtris, to wit, the ſaid Miſtris *Weeks*, there being a difference between them on Saturday was Fourtnight, to the beſt of this Examinants remembrance: and being demanded why ſhe did not reveal it, ſhe anſwered, that the ſaid *Anne Evans* did deſire her that ſhe would not reveal it, for if ſhe did, ſhe ſhould be even killed, and therefore ſhe did forbear to reveal it.

The Sign of the ſaid *Philip Cary*.

The Examination of Anne Evans, *taken before the Right Worſhipful* William Weeks *Major*, *and* William Jennings *Merchant, two Juſtices*, &c. *the Firſt day of* September 1675.

THe ſaid Examinant ſaith, that there hath been a continual difference between the ſaid Nurſe *Philip Cary*, and her Miſtris *Elizabeth Weeks*, and the ſaid *Philip Cary* did ſay ſeveral times, that ſhe would fit the ſaid Miſtris *Weeks*. And this Examinant further ſaith, that yeſterday was Fourtnight, ſhe being in the Herb Garden, there were ſome Stones thrown into the Herb Garden by ſome Children which were out in the Lane, and ſhe looking out over the Wall, ſaw the ſaid *Philip Cary* and the Child out in the Lane. And this Examinant further ſaith, that ſhe

then

then took up a Paper, in which was a yellow Stone, which ſhe thought was yellow Painting, but now ſhe doth think that it was *Rats-bane*, ſo this Examinant carried it in, and put it in a Salt-Sellar, and the Saturday following, this Examinant cleanſing of the Shelves, ſhe took it down, and put it in her Pocket, and in the Evening ſhe ſhewed it to the Nurſe, and asked her what it was, who ſeeming not to take notice of it, ſhe (this Examinant) put it again in the Salt-Sellar, ſo ſhe went out unto the Conduit to fetch ſome Water, and when ſhe came in again, this Examinant further ſaith, that ſhe doth believe, that the ſaid Nurſe did take down the ſaid *Rats bane*, for that when ſhe came in, ſhe ſaw the ſaid Nurſe breaking of it between two Tiles into Powder, and this Examinant asking her what ſhe would do with it when ſhe had broken it, ſhe replied, ſhe was going to fit a Medicine for the old Woman, meaning the ſaid Miſtris *Weeks*, and then the ſaid Nurſe, when ſhe had broken the ſame ſmall, ſhe took ſome of the ſame *Rats bane* and put it in a Cloam-Diſh, and then drew about a quarter of a Pint of Small Beer to it, and ſo let it ſteep all night long: And then the ſaid Nurſe gave ſome of the ſaid *Rats-bane* to this Informant, and told her that ſhe ſhould put the ſame into the Old womans Diſh, when ſhe did take up ſome Pottage for her, and you ſhall ſee, as ſhe ſaid, what ſport we ſhall have with her to Morrow, and that which this Examinant ſhould give her, would do her no hurt, but that which ſhe had fitted would do her work, and that it would make her die within half an hour, and ſaid, when the Old woman was gone, that we ſhould live ſo merry as the days were long. And this Examinant further ſaith, that the ſaid Nurſe did charge this Examinant upon her life, that ſhe ſhould not tell of it, for unleſs that ſhe this Examinant did not declare it, it would never

come

come to light: And withal, told this Examinant, that if she did tell of it, she would deny it, and lay it all upon this Examinant. And this Examinant further saith, that the next day being Sunday, having Boiled a piece of Beef, and part of a Neck of Veal and Cabbidge, and Carrots, and made Pottage; And then about Eleven of the Clock, the said Mistris *Weeks* asked for a Dish of Pottage, and bid this Examinant lade up a Dish, which this Examinant did, and then put in the said *Rats-bane* into the Dish, according as the Nurse had ordered, thinking of no hurt; and this Examinant saith, that the said Mistris *Weeks* did eat up all the Pottage, and left the Bread in the Dish, and then she laded up more Pottage to the Bread in the same Dish, and the said Master *Weeks* did eat up all the Pottage, and very little Bread: and then Mistris *Mary Pengelley* laded up some more Potrage to the same Bread, in the same Dish, which she did then eat up all, Pottage and Bread. And this Examinant saith, that about three hours after the said Mistris *Weeks* was taken with Purging and Vomiting, and being very dry, they gave this Examinant order to fetch a Pot of Strong Beer in a Silver Tankard, and the meanwhile the said Nurse made a Toft to put in it, which she accordingly fetcht, and when she came into the Kitchin, where the said Nurse was making of a Toast, she gave the Tankard with the Beer unto the Nurse: And this Examinant saith, that she did see the said Nurse Drink a little of the Beer, which was in the said Tankard, and then presently filled it up again with the same Beer, in which the said *Rats-bane* was steeped in the night before, and then the said Nurse carried the same Beer up in the Chamber unto the said Master *Weeks* and Mistris *Weeks*: And this Examinant going up after her with a Swab to take up the Vomiting. This Examinant saw the said Mistris *Weeks*

Drink

Drink first of the said Beer, and then she delivered it to Master *Weeks*, and he did Drink, so he delivered it to Mistris *Pengelley*, and she found fault with it, and said, that the Beer was keamy, and that if they had no better, they should fetch it at some other place. But this Examinant did see the said Mistris *Pengelley* eat some of the said Toast: And this Examinant further saith, having the next day an occasion to make use of the said Tankard, found the inside thereof in the bottom, black, yellow, and discolored, as though it was Cankered, and the Nurse bad her Scour it out with Sand, whereas before when she fetcht the Beer it was clean.

And this Examinant further saith, that she being troubled to see her Master and Mistris so Sick; she said, Alas! Nurse, what have you done, that our Master and Mistris are so very Sick? She replied, what she had done as to Mistris *Weeks*, she had done God good Service in it, to rid her out of the way, and hoped that she had done her business, and did look upon it, that she had done no sin in it; and saith, as to the Girls that she can say no farther, but what she hath said in her former Examination, to which for more certainty she referreth her self.

The Mark of the said *Anne* A.E. *Evans.*

The Examination of the said Philip Cary, *taken as aforesaid.*

THe said Examinant being demanded whether the said *Anne Evans* did not show her the said yellow Stone, on Saturday last was Sevennight, and whether she did not break it abroad in Powder between two Tiles, and whether she did not steep part of it in a Dish in Small

Small Beer, and whether she did not give some of the same *Rats-bane* which she had broken unto the said *Anne Evans*, and told her that she should put it into the Old womans Dish, meaning the Old Mistris *Weeks*, or used any words to that effect, answered, No. And being demanded also, whether she had any discourse with the said *Anne Evans*, concerning the Poyson mentioned in the aforesaid Examination of the said *Anne Evans*, or any words to that effect, denies the same; but saith, that she doth believe that they shall both die for it, because she hath concealed the Counsel of the said *Anne Evans*.

The Mark of *Philip* † *Cary*.

AND now they are in safe Custody, in the Prison joyning to the Town-Hall in *Plymouth*, where they have time and leisure to ruminate upon their foul and odious Crime, to consider of the horrible danger to which these pretious Souls are exposed, and to make their Peace with God, if it be well husbanded and improved. But I fear me, that though the Lord wait graciously Six Months together for their Repentance, and cry aloud by this terrible dispensation to convert, reform and give Glory to him before they come to Judgment, we shall even after their Condemnation at the Assizes, meet with other and worse news from them. Before we talk with these Malefactors any further, it will not be unnecessary to make a little digression, and see what evidence the Righteous Providence of God doth Administer towards a fuller detection of their Sin and Guilt.

Mistris *Weeks* being deceased, and Doctor *Holland* a Physician of the Town having averred it to be by Poyson; the Coronor was sent for, to inquire into the causes of her death; who having impannel'd his Jury,

Jury, and examined Witneſſes, do all Unanimouſly concune in their Verdict, that ſhe was murdered, and that by Poyſon.

The ſame Verdict alſo was given in by another Jury, that ſate upon the death of Miſtris *Pengelley*. The obſtinacy of the Nurſe to the very inſtant of her going off the Ladder, in denying her ſelf either principal or acceſſary to this bloody fact, will excuſe the relator, if he ſubjoyn the reſpective depoſitions of ſeveral Witneſſes upon their Oath concerning it, that ſo the Juſtice of God may be glorified, and no Siniſter thoughts of the Judge, Grand or Petty Juries that condemned her be entertained.

The Examination of Chriſtopher Scibbow *of* Plymouth *in the County of* Devon *Dyer, had and taken at* Plymouth *aforeſaid, by and before* Thomas Payne *Gentleman, Coronor for our Soveraign Lord the King, within the Liberty of the* Burrough *of* Plymouth *aforeſaid, on the Corporal Oath of the ſaid Examinant, this 27th. day of* Auguſt. Anno Domini, 1675.

THe ſaid Examinant ſaith, that on Wedneſday night laſt, he was at the Priſon window in *Plymouth*, where *Anne Evans* Spinſter was committed on Suſpition, for poyſoning *Elizabeth* the wife of *William Weeks* Dyer, when and where this Examinant heard the ſaid *Anne Evans* to ſay, that the Nurſe (meaning *Philip* the wife of *Richard Cary*) did ask of her about a month before to buy ſome *Rats-bane*, and that ſhe gave anſwer to the ſaid Nurſe, that ſhe would not do it, becauſe the Apothecary would put her name upon the Book.

Chriſtopher Scibbow.

The

The Examination of Susanna, *the Wife of* Brian Cansfield *of* Plymouth *aforesaid Planter, taken before the said Coronor, on the Corporal Oath of the said Examinant, the day and year aforesaid.*

THe said Examinant saith, that on Munday last, she went and saw *Elizabeth*, the Wife of *William Weeks* Dyer, and found her very Sick, and this Examinant, and other Persons that were present, did believe that she had been poysoned, upon which there was some new Broth made, and made with some of the same * Girts, that had been put into the old Broth, and when it was made, she gave it to a great Dog, who presently Vomited it up again. She also saith, that *Anne Evans*, Master *Weeks* his Servant, shewed this Examinant the bottom of the new Broth, where was found a Yellow Gravel, and one shewing of it to Mistris *Hurd* and others, they did believe that it was *Rats-bane.*

* *Oatmeal.*

Susanna Cansfield.

The Examination of Alice, *the Wife of* Anthony Windeit *of* Plymouth, *aforesaid Clothier, taken as aforesaid before the said Coronor on her Oath.*

THe said Examinant saith, that on Wednesday last, she went and saw Master *William Weeks* Dyer, and *Mary Pengelley*, being very Sick, it being reported that they and Mistris *Weeks* had been poysoned, on which it was said, that the * Girts which were in the house and had not been used, should be washed, and the same were accordingly washed by *Anne Evans*, the said Master *Weeks* his

* *Oatmeal.*

his Servant, and in the bottom there was found ſome Yellow, like Gravel, part whereof was about the bigneſs of a ſmall Pins head, upon which this Examinant blamed the ſaid *Anne Evans* for waſhing the ſame without order, who confeſſed that ſhe had done it without Order.

Alice Windeit.

The Examination and Information of Mary Pengelley *of* Plymouth, *in the County of* Devon *Widow, taken before the ſaid Coronor on her Corporal Oath, the thirtieth day of* Auguſt, Anno Domini 1675.

THe ſaid Examinant ſaith, that yeſterday laſt was Sevennight in the Morning, *Anne Evans* the Apprentice of Maſter *William Weeks* Dyer, fetched a Tankard of Strong Beer, on which there ſeemed unto this Examinant that there was Keam, for which ſhe was blamed, of which this Examinant drank hearty: And now this Examinant doth verily believe by what hath happened ſince, that that which ſhe took to be Keam on the ſaid Beer, was Poyſon: And this Examinant further ſaith, that afterwards yeſterday was Sevennight ſhe being come down over the Staires in the Kitchin, about Noon the ſaid *Anne Evans* asked this Examinant if ſhe would eat any Pottage, (the ſaid *William Weeks* and *Elizabeth* his Wife, this Examinants Father and Mother having eaten Pottage a little before,) and this Examinant told her that ſhe would, and accordingly ſhe did eat a Diſh of Pottage, (being out of the ſame Diſh that her ſaid Father and Mother did ſo eat Pottage a little before,) and that preſently after this Examinant and her ſaid Father and Mother were taken exceeding Sick, of which her ſaid Mother died the next day after. And this Ex-

aminant doth verily believe in her Conscience, that the said *Anne Evans* with the contrivance of *Philip* the Wife of *Richard Cary*, who also lived in the said Master *Weeks* his House, did put Poyson in the said Pottage, and so poysoned her said Mother, whereof she died, and also poysoned her said Father and this Examinant. And this Examinant doth also believe that the said *Richard Cary*, who fetched his Diet in the said house, had also some hand in the said contrivance.

Signum prædictæ *Mariæ Pengelley.*

The Examination of William Weeks *of* Plymouth *aforesaid Dyer, on his Corporal Oath before the said Coronor, the Thirtieth day of* August, 1675.

THe said Examinant saith, that there have been often several differences between *Elizabeth* the Examinants Wife, and *Anne Evans* his Apprentice, and *Philip* the Wife of *Richard Cary* his Servant; and that yesterday was Sevennight last, about Noon, the said *Anne Evans* took up a Dish of Pottage, and gave the same to this Examinants Wife, who did eat up most part of the Broth, but did eat up little or nothing of the Bread, she not liking the same; and one looking into the Dish, this Examinant found some Yellow Gravel (and by what this Examinant doth understand since, he verily believes that it was Yellow *Arsenick*.) And he demanding what it was, there was no one there would or could make any discovery. And presently afterwards the said *Anne Evans* took up some more Pottage in the said Dish, to the Bread which his Wife had left, and he did eat up the Broth thereof, and some of the said Gravel which crushed in his Teeth, but did not eat any of the Flesh which was boiled

boiled in the ſaid Pottage, for that it did look black: And preſently after *Mary Pengelley* Widow, this Examinants Daughter did eat ſome of the ſame Pottage, and all Three were preſently taken very Sick by great Swellings and Vomitings, and that his ſaid Wife continued ſo till the next day and died. And this Examinant doth verily believe in his Conſcience, that the ſaid *Anne Evans*, together with the ſaid *Philip Cary*, did wittingly and willingly put *Arſenick* into the ſaid Pottage, and ſo poyſoned his ſaid Wife, whereof ſhe died. And this Examinant alſo doth verily believe in his Conſcience, that the ſaid *Anne Evans* and *Philip Cary*, did by the ſame means and procurement as aforeſaid, Poyſon this Examinant and the ſaid *Mary Pengelley*. And he doth alſo verily believe, that the ſaid *Richard Cary* was privy and had a hand therein.

Per me *William Weeks*.

The Examination of Philip Sendy *of* Plymouth *aforeſaid, Widow, taken before the ſaid Coronor on her Corporal Oath, the Two and twentieth day of* September, Anno Domini 1675.

THe ſaid Examinant ſaith, that the day on which Miſtris *Elizabeth Weeks* was Buried, *Philip* the Wife of *Richard Cary* being then in *Plymouth* Priſon on Suſpition, for poyſoning of the ſaid Miſtris *Weeks*; ſhe the ſaid *Philip* ſent for this Examinant, to whom this Examinant went, and ſpoke with her, and demanded of her what ſhe would have, who made anſwer, that this Examinant ſhould remember her Service to her Maſter and Miſtris, and to tell them that ſhe was troubled that ſhe had not acquainted her, what ſhe (meaning as this Examinant believeth one *Anne*

Evans) had an intent to do the Saturday was Seven-night before.

Signum prædictæ P *Philip Scndy.*

The Examination of Joane *the Wife of* Richard Scannel *of* Plymouth *aforesaid Cooper, taken before the said Coronor on her Corporal Oath, the day and year last mentioned.*

THe said Examinant saith, that the Munday Evening that *Elizabeth* the Wife of *William Weeks* died, being the Three and twentieth day of *August* last, this Examinant coming into the Kitchin of the said Master *Weeks*, where was *Anne Evans*, *Richard Cary*, and *Philip* his wife, unto whom this Examinant spoke, that it was very sad there should be so many Sick, upon which the said *Anne Evans* said, that she was sorry for her Mistris (meaning *Mary Pengelley*,) but was glad that the Old Devil was gone (meaning that the said Mistris *Weeks* was dead) and said that she would sing the day that she was Buried, but would not lye one night in the house after she was Buried, for that she was sure she would appear again as a Spirit, and that the Devil had been a long time building of a Pallace for her, and that the yesterday before he had laid the last Stone, and that that very day he placed her in. All which was spoken by the said *Anne Evans*, in the presence and hearing of the said *Richard Cary*, and *Philip* his wife, and although this Examinant did blame the said *Anne Evans*, yet they, nor either of them did any way reprove the said *Anne Evans* for what she did say.

Joane Scannel.

The

The Examination of Joane *the Wife of* William How *of* Plymouth *aforesaid Beer-Brewer, taken before the said Coronor on her Corporal Oath, the day and year last mentioned.*

THe ſaid Examinant ſaith, that the very day that *Elizabeth* the wife of *William Weeks* Dyer died, being the Three and twentieth day of *Auguſt* laſt paſt, this Examinant being at the houſe of the ſaid *William Weeks*, and diſcourſing with *Philip* the wife of *Richard Cary*, the ſaid *Philip Cary* went away from this Examinant, and ſaid, Oh that ſhe ſhould ever go out the Saturday before (to the beſt of this Examinants remembrance) to ruine this Family (meaning the ſaid Maſter *Weeks* his Family.

Joane How.

The Examination of Arabella *the Wife of* Thomas Moore *of* Plymouth, *aforeſaid Merchant, taken before the ſaid Coronor on her Corporal Oath, the day and year laſt mentioned.*

THe ſaid Examinant ſaith, that the day that *Elizabeth* the wife of *William Weeks* died, or the day after, ſhe being at the houſe of the ſaid *William Weeks*, *Philip* the wife of *Richard Cary* wept, and wrung her hands, and ſaid to this Examinant, Oh Miſtris *Moore*, that ever ſhe ſhould go out of Doors to ruine this Family! (Meaning the ſaid Maſter *Weeks* his Family.)

Arabella Moore.

Marian Cookworthy of *Plymouth* Spinſter, being then ſworn, depoſeth the ſame.

The Examination of Philip *the Wife of* Richard Cary *of* Plymouth, *aforesaid Husbandman, taken before the said Coronor, the day and year aforesaid, last mentioned.*

THe said Examinant being demanded whether she were a Servant at Wages to *Mary Pengelley*, late of *Plymouth*, aforesaid Widow deceased, at the time of the death of *Elizabath* the wife of *William Weeks*; she saith that she was then a Servant to the said Mistris *Pengelley* at Wages, and continued in the same Service until she was committed to Prison; she also saith, that when she was a Nurse unto the said Mistris *Pengelley*, she had Three Pound and Ten Shillings *per annum*, and that the same was continued to her ever since, and she believeth that there is Money now due to her.

Signum prædictæ, *Philip* † *Cary.*

THe Witnesses having been Examined, their Depositions taken, they are all bound over to Prosecute our Malefactors at the next Assizes for the County of *Devon*, whose Mittimus is now Signed and Sealed, and they sent to the High Goal near the Castle of *Exon.*

Here they spend full Six Months, but what? In a serious and sad reflection upon their hainous and Crying sin? In the exercises of Repentance, Contrition, and Godliness? No, in nothing less than in the practice of such indispensible Duties.

In truth they came thither the Slaves and Vassals of the Devil, full of Ignorance, and unacquainted with God, and the things of God, they were got into a Prison, *the very Suburbs of Hell*, a place fit to the Re-

lators

lators knowledge) *a Seminary of all Villanies, Prophaneness, and Impieties; destitute of good Company, good Books, and the good means of Grace, and of all helps, saving their Affliction, that might lead them Heaven-ward.* And it was very improbable, that under so great a want of Spiritual advantages, they should bethink themselves of Heaven and Eternity. Indeed they might and ought to have done it. But they were captivated by the Prince of Darkness, who had blinded the eyes of their understandings, and Seared their hearts as with an hot Iron, that they should not see, nor know, nor consider the things that belonged unto their Peace. Besides they were held in stronger Chains than those of Iron; their own iniquities had taken hold of them, and they were bound with the Cords of their sins.

Here they feed themselves, and are flattered also by their Companions in Ungodliness, with the fond and false hopes of escaping the Justice of man; and as for that of God, they never Dream of it, it enters not into their thoughts. Let them but escape the Gallows and get out of Goal, they imagine Hell may be avoided with less difficulty, and Heaven obtained with far more facility.

Thus *Camelion-like* they live upon the Air, or with *Ephraim* upon the East wind; or as *Esay's* Idolator they feed upon Ashes; a deceived heart hath turned them aside, that they cannot deliver their Souls, nor say, is there not a lie in our right hands? But in the depth of their Senselessness and Security, they are surprized with a cold damp.

The Assizes are come, the Judges arrived, the Trumpets sound, and our wretched Prisoners are Summoned unto Judgment. Up they go unto the Bar with heavy hearts, though with undejected Countenances. They had some Figleave excuses to cover their shame,

and rather than want a Shift and Plea for themselves, they will add sin to sin, lyings and impudent denials. Alas! Poor Souls, this is not to lessen, but to aggravate your guilt, this doth not hide but discover it. You Cloath your selves with a Net, your Nakedness and filth is the more Apparent. Witnesses are examined, evidence is produced, the Malefactors are heard and permitted to speak for themselves, the Bill was found, and an Impartial Jury declares them Guilty, they are cast, Sentence is pronounced, and now being dead in Law, they Petition for a Transportation.

Here is the last Refuge of miserable Murderers; But Justice dispenseth no favors, they may be Transported to another world, not to another Land. Blood cries for Blood. Innocent Blood demandeth Vengeance. God hath said it, and the Righteous Law of *England* hath confirmed it; that he, who sheddeth mans Blood, by man shall his Blood be shed, a man that offers Violence to the blood of any person, shall flie to the Pit, let no man stay him.

Accordingly their Petition is rejected, their Request is denied, they are bidden to prepare for death, all hopes of life here have left and forsaken them.

The Girl, as Guilty of Petty Treason and Murder, is Sentenced to be drawn on an Hurdle to the place where she shall be Executed, and there Burnt to death. An horrible death! An Emblem and lively Picture of Hell torments! Drawn as it dragged by Devils, Burnt alive, as if in that Lake of Fire and Brimstone already! Lord! what Rocks are these that do not rend and break to pieces at the hearing and thinking of it? Methinks the very Sentence should have struck her dead. There is so much of horror in it, that with Nabal her Heart should have died in her. Yet she lives under it. Lord! Let it be in mercy to her! Space is given her to escape the wrath of God, though she

ſhe cannot the vengeance of Man. The Nurſe muſt Hang till ſhe be dead, a too gentle death for ſuch a *Prodigy of Ungodlineſs*! She Pleads ſtifly her Innocency, diſowns all Guilt, takes no Shame, her Brow is Braſs, ſhe is Impudent, and hath an Whores Forehead. If ever there were a Daughter of Hell, this was one in her proper colors. No evidence ſhall convince her. Confeſs ſaith ſhe! Then I ſhall Hang indeed, I deny the fact, none ſaw it, none knew it but the Girl, it may be that vile Perſon her Husband, had a Finger in it, but he is gone. Some will pitty me, though none will believe me, none can help me. Yet though ſhe muſt die, as ſure as ſhe was born, the Devil helps her to one Expedient, as ſhe conceives that may ſave her Life. My Lord, I am Innocent, I am with Child, do not kill two Innocents. If I muſt die, let my Child live!

The Reverend Judge is too Righteous to puniſh the Innocent with the Guilty; or to deſtroy the Child for the Mothers fault. Hence a Midwife is commanded to attend the Court, a Jury of Matrons impannell'd, the Murderess is ſearched, and after their ſtricteſt Scrutiny and Inqueſt, they find her a Lyar, to have troubled the Court needleſly, ſhe is not quick, as ſhe would bear them in hand, if ſhe have at all conceived.

Upon this they are returned to their Priſons, and now in ſight of Hell. Others pitty them, and tremble at their diſmal State; but poor wretches, they have no Bowels for themſelves, yea, without any gracious Sentiments, without any feeling apprehenſions of their approaching miſery.

Plymouth hath been the firſt Scene of this Tragedy, there had they committed their Murders, and upon the humble Petition of Maſter *Weeks*, Husband, and Father to the Murdered Perſons, and concurrent Requeſt

queſt of the Grand Jury, His Lordſhip grants it to be the place of their Execution. This was a rare Spectacle, ſuch a ſight was never ſeen ſince the Foundations of that Town. Oh! that it might be the laſt.

In the Interval of their Sentence and Execution, ſeveral Divines viſit them.

The Right Reverend Dioceſan, out of his Religious care of their happineſs, ordered two, who frequently attended on them, but with no ſucceſs on the Nurſes part. Other Miniſters moved by Charity, and yearning at their miſery, did concur to uſe their utmoſt endeavors to ſave them from Hell. Inſtructions, Exhortations, Prayers, Tears, dreadful denunciations of unſufferable torments with the damned, ſweet and gratious promiſes in caſe of Confeſſion, Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Lord Jeſus are uſed and urged with the greateſt Vehemency, and induſtry upon the Nurſe; but they beat the Air, they Plow the Rock, they do her no good, their labor of love is loſt, their Prayers return into their own boſoms.

The Relator having viſited them ſeveral times while they were in the High Goal at *Exon*, thought it convenient to ſubjoyn the ſubſtance and effect of his conferences with them. Poſſibly it may not be diſpleaſing unto his Reader. Coming into the Priſon early in the Morning, he had the Four condemned Perſons brought unto him; and beſpeaks them in theſe words, *Miſerable Souls!* I am heartily ſorry to ſee you in this place, and to find you in this Condition. You are here Judged of man, and you muſt die; but what alſo if you are Condemned of God, and muſt to Hell for ever? You are Sinners, are you not? You are Guilty of thoſe Crimes for which Sentence is paſt upon you? Three had ſo much Ingenuity as with Weeping and Trembling to acknowledge it. Alas!

Alas! Poor wretches, you are weeping becauſe you have offended man, and brought your ſelves to deſtruction. Ah! what a mercy would it be, if you could weep unfeignedly for your offences againſt God, and becauſe you have loſt his Image and favor, which is the greateſt Bleſſing, and deſerved his wrath and Curſe, which is the greateſt miſery.

What think you of Sin? Is it as ſweet and pleaſing to you now you muſt die for it, as when at firſt you did commit it? *Here they were ſilent and Confounded.* Ah! Now you ſee what it is, not to believe God ſpeaking to you from his Word, and by his Miniſters, you were told that ſin would bring ſorrow and ſhame, wrath and death, ſooner or later. The Devil and your own corrupted heart, roſe up againſt this Diſcovery of his will, and you made light and ſlight of it, and what have you got by it? All the Fruit of your ſin is, that you are aſhamed of it, and grieved for it; its wages is the loſs of Earth, Life, and Heaven, and theſe you are expecting every moment. Man hath caſt you off for your ſins; you cannot ſtand before your earthly Judge: And if God ſhall caſt you out of his bleſſed preſence for ever among the Devils and the Damned Spirits, how would you be able to bear it? They being ſomewhat moved, he askt them, How think you to eſcape the dreadful wrath of God? What means have you to ſave your pretious Souls from Hell? What, Firſt do you believe you have Souls to ſave, a being in your Body, that doth not, that cannot die with your Bodies? Do you believe there is a God, and Devil, a Heaven and Hell, and that all the wicked ſhall be turned into Hell, and that you, all of you ſhall be flung into it for your ſins againſt God? At this they ſhrugd up their ſhoulders, and had nothing to anſwer, but their Repentance. Your Repentance, ſaid I, what is that? *Why, our ſorrow*

ſorrow for our ſins, we would not commit them again, if they were now undone. Yea indeed, ſo you ſay, and poſſibly think you would not; but you do not know the wickedneſs and deceitfulneſs of your own hearts, if you were now as heretofore, and under the ſame temptations. I know nothing to the contrary but that you would be Guilty of the ſame tranſgreſſions, of as bad, or worſe.

Beſides, ſuppoſe your Repentance were true and real, what amends is that unto God for the manifold diſhonors you have done him? You have broken every command of God, you are Guilty of innumerable ſins, your very birth and nature is horribly corrupted, and all your life long you have been Rebels againſt God, and you think to put off Gods wrath with your pittiful Repentance, a late Repentance, and it may be no other than the very Reprobates have that are now in Hell.

Is this all the ſatisfaction you can make to God? *They knew no other*; Then it was told them, that God was a great and terrible God, that would not put up the affronts and wrongs had been done him, without ſatisfaction, that he would by no means acquit the Guilty. That they had ſinned, and muſt die eternally, and if ever they were redeemed from Eternal wrath, they muſt make God full amends, and bring him a Ranſome; and if they had none, nor knew where it was to be had, they muſt expect as ſoon as they died, to be damned for ever.

I asked of them in particular, who or what Jeſus Chriſt was, and what it was he had done for them. To which there was this anſwer made, *they could not tell.* None that knows a Goal will conceive this a Fable. Hardly any but *Atheiſts*, and the moſt ignorant wretches in the whole County are clapt up there; and for one ſin they brought with them into it, they carry away Cart-loads out of it. Our County Priſons being the Common Sinks of the Country, and a Shop

wherein

wherein all impiety is sooneſt learned and attained.

Their ignorance of Chriſt, his Perſon, Natures, Offices and Undertakings for poor Souls, made me to aggravate their wickedneſs, and to tell them they had wretchedly miſpent their time, and that now they were going out of the World, they muſt learn the Principles of Chriſtian Religion, and I queſtioned whether they had any Repentance that was pleaſing unto God, for they had no Faith, nor knowledge, even of the moſt neceſſary Truths, without which they could not be ſaved. And for my part I muſt not flatter you, you are nearer Hell than Heaven. Upon this there was a diſcourſe made of Chriſt, adapted to their capacities, as alſo of his wonderful love and condeſcenſion in becoming man, and dying for ſinners, and ſatisfying the Juſtice of God, and holding forth his death as the price of Redemption unto all Penitent believers; and that this was now offered unto them upon theſe terms of confeſſing and abhorring their ſins, and themſelves for their ſins: and that if they came to God with a ſence and feeling of the inſupportable burden, of the horrid nature, and infinite number of their ſins, and threw themſelves at his feet proſtrate before him, imploring his mercy for the paſſion of his dear Son, the Lord would be merciful to them, and he would not caſt them off, but would pardon and forgive their hainous and grievous offences.

In the cloſe of this conference, Maſter *Holmes* Chaplain to the High Sheriff came into the Chamber, and after ſome words with the Malefactors, we joyntly parted the Priſoners, I withdrawing into another Room with the Nurſe and Maid, and having preſſed them to a free & ingenious confeſſion of their Guilt, the Girl with tears in her eyes gave me for ſubſtance the ſame confeſſion, and not varying in a circumſtance from that which at her firſt apprehenſion ſhe had made unto the Major, and Juſtice of *Plymouth*. I adjured her in the name of the

All-ſeeing

All-seeing and heart-searching God, who hated a Lye, and would cast all Lyars into the Lake of Fire and Brimstone for ever, to declare nothing but the Truth: That she had sinned enough already, and had been Guilty of two Murders, and if the Nurse were Innocent, she should not for a World accuse her, for if she did, the Lord might Damn her immediately.

To which she replied with Tears, *Sir, I am a lost Creature, I have no hopes in this World, I would not willingly Damn my Soul, by drawing upon me the Guilt of more Blood, I speak it as in the presence of God, I had not put in the Poyson into the Pottage, had not the Nurse bid me do it.* And added, *My Body is lost, but if the Lord would have pitty upon my Soul, it is all that I desire.*

And the Nurse hath said, she should never confess, though she did Hang for it. That I might confess what I would, she would not confess any thing. Upon this I confronted her with *Philip Cary*, she obstinately denies all, stands stifly to her Innocency, throws all upon the Girl; saith, Judge, Jury, and Witnesses, are all Guilty of her Innocent Blood, and she will lay it at their Doors. Whereupon, I desired the Maid to go in to Master *Holmes*, and dealt privately with this Vile woman, yet to give Glory unto God by confessing of her sin, and renouncing all commerce with Hell, that if she did hide her sin, and keep the Devils Counsel, she could never prosper. That it was in vain for her to think of concealing it, for God knew it, the World knew it, her Country condemned her for it, her own conscience, if she had any left in her, must needs accuse and condemn her. Possibly said I, you think of life, and feed your self with vain imaginations of escaping death, I told her they were foolish and groundless, that Justice would have its Course, that the whole World could not save her. That she

was already dead in Law, and must be as certainly Executed, as she was already Condemned. That she stood upon the brink of the Pit, and was ready to drop down into the bottomless Gulph of Hell: That she might, if she would, escape it. God offered pardon, Life, Heaven and Salvation to her, provided she would but give glory to him by confessing her sin, and taking the shame thereof unto her self. That it was better to do it now than upon the Gallows. She had served the Devil long enough, too too long, and it was a miracle of mercy, if ever the Lord shewed mercy to her at last; but yet I would, and did assure her in his name, (as being his Ambassador, and sent with his Commission to reconcile her unto God, whom she had so hainously dishonored,) that if she would disclose all this cursed crime, who first contrived it, who managed it, and put her upon it, there was hopes. For the Lord was a merciful God unto unfeigned Penitents, and compassionated her deplorable condition, and would bring her out of it. That she take care not to Rebel against his grace, nor to tear a pardon, that was offered her upon such easie terms, in pieces, nor to refuse Heaven, and all its joys and happiness.

Alas! Sir, saith she, *What will you have me say? I will tell you all I know of it. I am as free from this Crime, as the Child that is now Born. But the Maid did it. For she told me she was weary of her life by reason of her Mistris, who was such a Curst Old Woman, that there was no living with her, and that she was resolved to leave her Service, and go away with the Mountebanks, and that she told me she would fit her, and had bought the Rats-bane of the Mountebanks Boy or Man, with whom she was in Love.*

This was all I could get from her then, and not one Syllable of it true. I told her, she should beware of Lying, and false Witness bearing, and not let the Devil

Devil ſit upon her heart and Tongue; and added, when you knew this Girl had an intent to make away her Miſtris, why had not you diſcovered it? She ſaid, *That indeed it was her fault, if it were a fault.* I told her, conſent unto, and concealing of Murder, was intentional Murder before God and Man, and that ſhe had a real hand in it. *She told me ſhe had none at all, and could give me no other anſwer.*

Our ſecret conference being ended, I brought the Maid again unto her, who avowed her former Confeſſion, diſavowed all acquaintance with the Mountebanks Servant, never to have talked with him but once at the Conduit when ſhe fetcht water; and maintained to her face, that this wicked woman the Nurſe, did oftentimes perſwade her to run away from her Miſtreſs, and if ſhe would have gone away the Saturday before the fact was committed, ſhe would help her to a Riding Suit.

Unto this ſhe made no reply.

Returning with them unto Maſter *Holmes*, he preſſed upon them the evil of their ſin, adviſed them to Repentance: and beſpeaking the Nurſe, *Philip Cary*, ſaid he, there is a report and Suſpition of your having been unclean with your Maſter. At which ſhe fell down upon her Knees in the midſt of us, and impricated moſt direfully upon her ſelf, if he ever knew her to be a man or woman, more than by giving ſuck unto his Grand Child.

Having cleared her Maſter, but not confeſſing any other thing or ſin, Maſter *Holmes* being deſired by me, concluded this conference with Prayer, and we departed.

In the evening I returned again unto theſe Priſoners, And dealt with the Nurſe to acknowledge her Crime, freely to unboſome her ſelf unto me, that I might ſpread it before the Lord in Prayer, and intreat him

him for a broken heart, and a new Spirit for her.

And withdrawing from the Company that crowded on us into a private Chamber, I desired her for Gods sake, her poor Souls sake, (with tears in my eyes,) that she would yet leave sin before sin left her, that she would flee from that wrath to come, that she would bid defiance unto the Devil, who she saw had ruined her, and would Damn her everlastingly; that she would yet accept of grace and peace, and reconciliation with God; it was late indeed to return unto him, but not too late, how ever she must not thus dally with the Divine Majesty, to put him off with delays and lies. That she should not be afraid of shame, that it was the greatest shame and reproach unto her to have committed, and concealed this sin; but it would be a step to Honor and Eternal Glory to confess it, good men would then pitty her, pray for her, and God would save her.

And added, that if she would not confess it publickly to the World, (which yet was her duty, and if ever the Lord gave her Repentance she would do it more freely, and in a more ample manner than I could desire,) she should at least confess it unto me, and I promised her upon the word of a Minister, that without her consent I would never divulge it: Or if she would not trust me with such an important secret, I advised her to single out some Godly Learned Minister, or some Judicious private Christian, to whom she might Communicate it, and have the benefit of their Assistance, Counsels, and Directions in order to her Salvation. That it was impossible for her to get to Heaven without it. Confession being a main and principal ingredient into Repentance.

To this she answered positively she would not; and as peremptorily, that it was enough to con-

fess to God, and why should she confess unto men?

I told her God required in publick, scandalous and crying Crimes, such as those whereof she was Guilty, and especially now the lot of God had attached her, and his holy righteous providence had condemned her, that she should confess, accuse, shame and condemn her self publickly. That otherwise she slandered most unworthily the Right Honorable Judge, and the whole Court; and endeavored to raise up a base and scandalous suspition of them, as if they had maliciously took away her life.

To which she in plain terms said, *They had, she was Innocent, and they must answer for it unto God.*

I told her, I heard the Devil speaking with her tongue, and was afraid to stay with her any longer, least he should tear her in a Thousand pieces before me. I had known many hard-hearted Murderers this Thirteen years last past in this Goal, but never before met with the like: That I saw, she was resolved to be Damned, and go to Hell: And I was seriously perswaded, that since so many Ministers had been with her, and treated with her about everlasting life to no purpose, and that all my poor endeavors were unsuccesful, that God would never grant her Grace to repent, but that she was a Vessel of wrath, and preparing her self a pace for endless destruction.

At these words she began to weep, and wept bitterly, wringing her hands, crying, *Oh! Sir, What shall I do? Will you have me speak that which I do not know? I am Innocent.*

Well woman said I, if you be Innocent as to this Crime, tell me, are you not Guilty of some other Capital Crime deserving death? For though the Lord

may

may ſuffer an Innocent perſon to undergo an unjuſt Sentence from men, yet if he have any Grace, he will own the Juſtice of God in mans injuſtice. It is rare, very rare indeed, that God the Wiſe and Righteous Governor of the World ſuffers the Innocent to be Condemned, and the Guilty abſolved; but if he do, is there not a Cauſe for it? Were I in your Caſe, I would ſay unto the Lord, do not Condemn me, ſhew me wherefore thou contendeſt with me? Come, unrip your heart, and tell me what ſins thou haſt been Guilty of, that though you need no Repentance for this Murder for which as you ſay, you are unjuſtly Condemned, yet you may be holpen unto Repentance for them.

Sir, I know no ſin at all that I am Guilty of, is her reply. *No Sir, none at all.*

Ah! poor wretch, Guilty of no ſin? Is not thy nature depraved? Hath not thy life been debauched? How haſt thou improved thy time here in Priſon? In Prayers, Repentance, and preparation for death.

Still ſhe anſwers, *No ſin deſerving death*: It may be ſhe had committed ſome little ſins as all others do, but for ſins deſerving death, ſhe never had committed any.

I told her ſhe was a perfect ſtranger to her own heart, that ſhe was full of ſin all over, but blind and could not ſee them; that her little ſins were all damnable, and as ſhe knew one drop of Poyſon would kill as bad as a Spoonful, ſo one little ſin without Repentance would as infallibly Damn her as the greateſt; that for my part I did utterly deſpair of her Salvation, ſeeing the Devil to be ſo ſtrong in her, that ſhe was in the Gall of bitterneſs and bond of Iniquity, and feared that ſhe would go to Hell with a lye in her mouth; ſhe was now pleaſing the Devil, and thought

she had found his Service so profitable and beneficial to her, that she was resolved to serve him to the last, and to hear the *Lord Thunder in her Ears, Go! Thou Cursed Murderess into everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels for ever.*

At this she wept again, and told me she *Ignorant. was a poor *Ingrant Soul.* But she hoped it would not be so bad with her as I spake.

I told her it was my hearts desire it might not be so. I pittied her from my Soul. I labored for her everlasting welfare. I had no other design upon her than to pluck her out of the Jaws of Hell. That I had nothing but labor for my pains, and was afraid I should be a Witness at the last day against her for her refusal, her stubborn, wilful rejection of everlasting life.

That so her Brother had done before her, and would never repent, nor confess, till he was upon the Gallows ready to be turned over, and then out all came, when he could live no longer to the Devil, then he would go to God; and God must be put off with the Devils leavings.

To which she rejoyned, that her Brother had made a Godly end, and she was sure he was now in Heaven, and did wish she might make as good an End. *And said I, I pray God you may make a better!*

Now that the Curiosity of my Reader, who will inquire concerning her Brother, may be satisfied: I shall give an account of him briefly, craving pardon for amuseing him with this Digression. Take then his Confession, extracted from his own mouth, and signed and subscribed with his own hand at *Lancester* in *Cornwall, April* the Third, 1675. Just as he was a turning over, for till then he would make none.

The

The Confeſſion of John Codmore *Condemned to be Executed, and Made by him at the Gallows.*

1. HE began to commit the ſin of Theft firſt upon Peaſe and Apples.

2. The next thing he ſtole, was Figs from a Merchants Stall, unknown to the Owner.

3. Next he wronged his Father in giving away his Syder unknown to him, and by reaſon of perſwaſions of others. *And he Married againſt his Fathers conſent.*

4. When he was with his Maſter *John Temple* of *Tamerton* Pariſh, he took Money for Dying of Cloth and Stockings unknown to his ſaid Maſter.

5. Next, when he was with *Robert Strong* of *Plymouth*, he there received Money for Dying of Cloth, Stockings, and Wool, unknown to his Maſter, which did belong unto his Maſter, and in his Service went into a Garden, and ſtole Goosberries and Cherries.

6. Next he ſtole from *Peter Slade* of *Tregony*, Fourteen Pounds of Wool, and alſo kept from him Dy-ſtuff which did belong unto him.

7. Next he ſtole from *Samuel Pentire* of *Tregony*, One piece of Sarge, who brought it to him to Dye, and never had the return of it more.

8. Next he ſtole from *John Cooling* of *Verrian*, a Yard and half of Sarge, and ſeveral Pounds of Wool.

9. Nex he ſtole from *John Bullock* of the ſame Pariſh, One piece of Sarge, who brought it to him to Die, and never had it more.

10. He ſtole from another perſon whoſe name he hath forgot, Two Yards and half of Sarge, which were bought to be Dyed, and ſeverall pare of Stockings from ſeveral people, which they never had again.

11. He ſtole from *Henry Fellings* of *Tregony*, One piece of Sarge, who brought it to him to Dye, and never had the return of it more.

12. He ſtole from *Robert Strong* of *Plymouth*, Three Yards of Sarge, Two Yards of Cloth, and Four pair of Stockings, at another time Four Sticks of Brazil.

13. He ſtole from *William Wecks* of *Plymouth*, Seven Yards of Sarge.

14. He ſtole from a Widow woman of *Loo*, out of a Box that was in a Chamber wherein he lay, Eight Shillings and Six pence.

15. He ſtole from his Uncle *John Codmore*, a Dun Nag.

16. He ſtole out of *John Temples* Houſe of *Tamerton*, Eight Yards of Linnen, and One pair of Stockings, and at another time ſtole from him Fourteen Yards of Sarge, Three Yards of Cloth, and Eleven pair of Stockings.

17. He ſtole from his Father, Money out of his Pockets at ſeveral times, and once Eighteen Shillings.

18. He ſtole from *Tryphena Chaunings* of St. *Stephens*, One Silver Thimble, and Two Yards and half of Sarge, and a mans Sarge Coat, for which he broke a Window.

19. He ſtole from *John Walter* of the ſaid Pariſh, a white Mare, Bridle, Saddle, and Gambadoes.

20. He broke an Houſe in *Pillington*, and ſtole from thence Five Silver Spoons, One Silver Thimble, and a Silver Whiſtle.

21. He ſtole from *Hugh Northam* of *Tamerton*, the Summ of Nine and thirty Pounds, Fifteen Shillings, and Ten Pence in Money, and One Scarf, Six Dozen and Four Silver Buttons, Twenty Gold Buttons, a ſhoulder Knot of Scarlet Ribband, and Four ſmall Knots of the ſame, and ſome Silver Bobbin.

22. He'

22. He confeſt he ſold his Wife to a Millar, for Five pound on a Bill, half to be paid on *Eaſter* Munday, and the other half to be paid the *Whitſun* Munday after.

23. He ſtole from *Hatherly Moore* Two Steers, and ſold them at *Plymouth*.

24. He brake the Houſe of *John Trapling* of *Pillington*, and from thence ſtole meat dreſt.

25. He went into *Thomas Mallets* Houſe of *Gerrance*, at the top of the Chimney, and his Wife heard it, ſo he went out, and ſtole nothing.

26. He was alſo tempted to break the Houſe of *Tryphena Channings*, if ſhe had not changed her lodging Room, from the Chamber to the under Room, he had then intended to have ſtolen away her Box wherein her money lay.

27. He ſtole a Gooſe at *Lee* in *Pillington* Pariſh.

28. He was alſo riding in St. *Blazy*, and ſaw Geeſe in the way, he ſtruck one and killed it, and carried it away with him.

I certifie my offence, that all the world may know the effects of ſin, and hereto I have ſet my hand, the day above written. And the Lord give me Repentance whilſt it is time.

John Codmore.

READER this is a fair Catalogue! A goodly Bed-roll! And a very ſweet Penitent! And that I do not wrong his memory, give me leave to tell thee, that of all this money which he laſt ſtole from Mr. *Northam* (and it is credibly reported the Sum was double to what he confeſſed,) he never took

any care to restore one Farthing; nay, ordered a considerable Summ of it, I think Thirty Pound, to be put out for his Child; and gave order unto his wretched Brother in Law to go to *Loo*, and in that Chamber where he lay last, hanging to the Vallance of his Bed next to the Wall, he should find a Purse of Money, which accordingly he fetcht, but what is become of it is unknown.

However at the Execution of his wicked Sister, we may chance to hear some farther tale and tidings thereof. But for this fellow, he hath a Twelve month since received his Doom, and is gone unto his place, and there we leave him.

And now let us return Reader from our Digression, though I think we have not been much, nor long out of our way.

Finding no good success in my labors with the Nurse, I sent for the Maid to come unto me. Who being shut into the Chamber with me, I asked her what she did think would become of her pretious Soul; that it was better worth than a World, and it was a Thousand pities that a Jewel of such inestimable worth and value should be lost for ever. That now it was in a very dangerous estate, and ready to perish irrecoverably. That as she had by her envy, malice, Instigation, and Correspondence with the Devil Murdered her two Mistresses, so she also had Murdered her own Soul and Body: And that as they were dead and Buried, so would she also shortly die a very horrible death, and without wonderful mercy be swallowed up of everlasting wrath. That the Fire which was to consume her in *Plymouth* would be very painful, but the Fire of Hell in which she must live and lye for ever would be insupportable. That her many and mighty sins had brought her to this woful condition. And I added, *How will you get out of it?*

Poor

Poor wretch! She fell a trembling and weeping, and desired my help and direction, and she would labor to follow it.

Whereupon, my Bowels yearning on her, and mingling my tears with hers, I told her I was heartily glad to hear such words drop from her mouth, and through Gods blessing she would never want it.

Then I told her. *Anne*, do you sit down in some secret place, and review your life, and look over all your ways, and call your self to an account for all the sins that you can remember your self Guilty of; and consider chiefly that your heart and nature are desperately wicked, that there dwelleth in you nothing that is good, and that you cannot do any thing that is good, no not so much of your self as think a good thought, much less to Convert and turn your self to God. Then remember every one of the Ten Commandments, and how that you have transgrest against them, especially against the Sixth. *Thou shalt not kill*; and that for every one of these sins of yours, even for the least you have deserved to burn in Hell: Oh! Then how many Hells have you merited.

Besides, consider all the mercies of God bestowed upon you, as your *Life*, *Health*, *Liberty*, *Friends*, *Food*; and to live in a Land where the Gospel is preached, and the way to Heaven revealed and discovered, and yet how unworthily have you abused them to the dishonor of the Lord that gave them. But principally consider that all your sins have been committed against God the Father, that Created you, that gave you life and being, against God the Son Christ Jesus, who became man, and died for you.

Anne, said I, this makes your sin exceeding sinful, a very horrible sin, that Christ Jesus to save you from sin and Hell, died for you, was crucified and accursed

for

for you, loſt his heart blood for you, and underwent the torments of Hell for you, to keep and ſave you from them: And yet by every ſin that you have been Guilty of, you have Crucified Chriſt afreſh, you have ſtabbed him to the heart, drawn freſh blood from him. For not one of your ſins can be pardoned without his blood, and you have been very prodigal of it, to ſpill, and deſpiſe, and trample it under Foot, which is Helliſh ingratitude.

Will you ſet home this meditation upon your Heart?

Finally, conſider, that you have ſinned againſt the Holy Spirit of God, who ſanctified you in Baptiſm unto his Service; and that quite contrary to the end and intent of God in Baptizing you, that you might repent, and renounce ſin, you have wallowed in it all your daies, and grieved the good Spirit of God, and only gratified and ſerved the Devil.

And having done this, do you throw your ſelf not upon your knees, but flat upon your face, upon the earth before God, and think as if you were at the very mouth of Hell, and ready to be caſt headlong into the torments of it; that are endleſs, eaſeleſs, and remedileſs; and then with ſhowrs of tears, and with as much *Shame* and *Grief* as you can poſſibly confeſs all theſe ſins unto God, and beg of God to give you Repentance unto life, to *Weep*, *Mourn*, and be confounded for them; and never leave *Praying*, *Sighing*, and *Groaning* unto God in Prayer, till he do make your hard heart wax ſoft within you, and that you be chiefly abaſed and humbled, that you have ſinned againſt God, who is your beſt Friend, Saviour, and alone Comforter.

Beſides, do this at night upon your Bed, and be up early at this work, and deſire the Lord that your late Repentance, may be a true Repentance.

Having

Having promiſed me, that ſhe would take this courſe, we came out unto the other Priſoners. And ſpeaking unto the Man condemned for coyning, I told him, and his Companion who ſtole a Mare, (but is ſince mercifully reprieved,) That God had ſaid, *Thou ſhalt not Steal*, and as he that Murdered by Gods Law deſerved everlaſting death in Hell, ſo by that ſame Law, did he that ſtole; that burning in Hell was a worſe puniſhment than hanging upon a Gallows.

That it was a wickedneſs againſt the light of nature that they were guilty of: That the very Heathen who knew not God, puniſhed it with as much ſeverity as our Laws.

That they would not willingly have others ſo uſe them, to take away their goods from them:

That every Man had a Right, Title and Prerogative to the fruit of his own and honeſt Labors.

That it was a ſin againſt the whole Land, and Nation to invade the Prerogatives of the King, ſuch as coyning was, being inſeparable from the Crown, and a moſt glorious Flower of it.

That he who would ſtrike at the Royalties of the King, would never ſtick nor boggle to make away the Life of the King, which was ſuch a piece of damnable impiety in it ſelf and conſequences, that none but an incarnate Devil would be guilty of.

That they ſhould do well to ſeek the Face of God in time, and to wreſtle mightily with him for Grace, Repentance, and Forgiveneſs, that ſo they might not periſh everlaſtingly. Their time was ſhort, their work great, it was no eaſie matter to get to Heaven.

That I had known many very holy, mortified, and godly Perſons that had ſpent Threeſcore years in a Religious Life, and cloſe walking with God, yet to

be

be full of fears and doubts they should never get to Heaven. And that they had much more cause to work out their Salvation with fear and trembling.

And in the upshot told them, that if they would seriously and heartily embrace and follow these Counsels, if they would to day, whilst it is called to day, hearken to the Voice of God, and not harden their Hearts, there was hope for them in their latter end. For their was forgiveness with God that he might be feared, yea with the Lord there was mercy, and plenteous Redemption. Other Ministers coming in, I bad them farewel for the present.

THe next morning about Eight of the Clock, I visited them again, and found with them Mr. *G. T.* a worthy Minister of *Exon*, who gave me an account of the unsuccessfulness of his Labors, as to that wicked Woman the Nurse; and then in a very pathetical and devout prayer, most pertinent to their conditions, with great meltings of his own heart and affections, commended them unto the Lord.

When he was gone, I dealt again with the Nurse, but no more privately as heretofore; I urged her to repent of her horrid Murders, to acknowledg them, and take the shame of them to her self: That she must do it. God and Man, Heaven and Earth required it from her mouth.

She still asks me, *Sir, what will you have me confess an untruth unto you, a matter of which I am not Guilty?* I told her that none believed her, that it was a most improbable thing that those Persons who witnessed against her, some of them being to my knowledg persons fearing God, hating a lie, should ever accuse her falsly. They had no temptations to it, she never having wronged nor offended them, that as far as I knew, they were as much her Friends, as her Mistresses,

Mistresses, that there was neither profit, nor advantage, nor pleasure, nor honor accrewing to them in taking away her life, and they were too tender, and made more Conscience than so, to draw upon themselves the guilt of innocent Blood.

And finally, I told her, that she had * swopt a Bargain with the Devil for secrecy to her own destruction, that all would out at last, as cunningly and closely as she did carry it, before Men and Angels; and said I, you are one of the most bloody Women, that ever came into this Goal, you are guilty of Two Murthers upon your Mistresses, guilty of a Third before God, having drawn in this poor Girl like a Devil, as you are, to joyn with you to ruin them and her self also, and though she suffered justly from Man, yet her Blood would be required from your hands by God, and then you must answer for the shortning of her days, and that destruction she and you have brought upon her self; So that she was drowned over and over in Blood-guiltiness: And I did as verily believe she would be in Hell, unless there were a very wonderful change wrought upon her, as that old Murderer her Father the Devil was.

* made

These words extorted tears from her, but no confession, and she prayed me to have better thoughts and hopes of her. I told her, I wish I had some grounds for them, but I could have none, till I saw her stony Heart rent and shivered to pieces, and her Bones broken under the sence of her Hellish wickedness, and she did not continue to reject the Counsels of God to her own destruction.

Upon this her Accusers, that unthought of, or unknown to me, were at the Door, being admitted, conferred with her; and I betook my self to the poor Penitent, the Maid.

This

This is a sad, too sad a Truth. After condemnation crowds of vulgar Persons throng in upon these Malefactors: The covetous Keepers for love of a piece of money letting them in, who by their loose, idle, and impertinent discourses, obstruct the success of Ministerial Labors. However this poor Maid assured me, that her thoughts had been upon my Counsels in the night, and she would make it her business to do it more effectually, and withal, added that she saw her self undone for ever.

To which I replied, No, she was nearer Heaven than she was aware of. That her sins were not too great for God to pardon. That she should remember Three Texts of Scripture that I would tell her.

First, *This is a true and faithful saying, worthy of her acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.* Yea Sir, (saith she,) I am the greatest sinner in *Plymouth.*

Secondly, *That whosoever comes unto Christ*, that is, *believes in Christ, he would in no wise cast out.* That for her to believe in and come to Christ, was no other than this; That seeing her self by reason of sin to be a damned Wretch, she cast her self upon the everlasting mercies of God because of Christs death, with hope and expectation of them, and waiting for them.

And then Thirdly, *That the Blood of Christ cleanseth from all sins.*

And she should meditate and think upon these precious words of God, and resolve that she would live and die with them in her Heart. And if she did, and grieved unfeignedly for her sins, loathed them, and her self for them, my Soul for hers, she should never perish. For Jesus Christ was a most absolute and compleat Saviour, able and willing to save the worst of Mankind, that would be saved by him upon these

his

his Terms, and therefore would ſave her. Upon this ſhe wept again.

Having comforted her, and done ſomewhat to bind up her wounds: I added, *Anne*, there are yet ſome other works for you; you muſt die in Charity with the world, and crave pardon as from God, ſo from Man, eſpecially from your Maſter whom you have ſo grievouſly wronged. You muſt alſo in particular forgive this bloody Woman the Nurſe, that hath ſeduced you to this great ſin, and to your perdition. Will you? Can you do it? If you do it not from your heart, God will never forgive you. *Sir*, ſaith ſhe, *I will, I do it. And it ſhould not grieve me if ſhe lived, though I died only for this Fact. I forgive her, as I expect forgiveneſs from God.*

Then I added, She muſt beware of miſpending her time, or looſing a moment of it; ſhe ſhould take heed of vain thoughts, ſhe muſt be much in private Prayer, and not be long, but ſhort, ſhort in Prayer, but often. She muſt hearken to all the good counſels of Gods Miniſters that would come and viſit her, and do them to the utmoſt. She ſhould be as Spiritual, Holy, Religious, Humble, Serious, and Heavenly minded as poſſible. She ſhould not take any great care of her Body, the leſs the better, as to eating, drinking, or ſleep: Her whole thoughts and care ſhould be ſpent about her Soul, and its ſalvation.

And to conclude, *Anne* ſaid I, it is a hard work to die at any time, but for one in thy condition very hard indeed. But however, once thy peace is made with God, and thou haſt repented of thy ſin, and thrown thy poor Soul upon Sovereign mercy in the Blood of Jeſus, never fear death. Take it humbly, patiently, and ſubmiſſively. Bear the indignation of the Lord becauſe thou haſt ſinned, accept of the puniſhment of thine iniquity, yea be thankful unto God, that thou

mayeſt

mayeſt be Burnt here and not hereafter. I hope the Lord will make thy death eaſie, ſhort, and comfortable. Thou art yet a ſtranger to the joys of Gods Salvation, and to the comforts of his Holy Spirit: But it may be the Lord will give them to thee in thy bitter torments, and then thou wilt ſcarce feel them; or if he ſhall detain them from thee, yet his Grace is ſufficient for thee; believe in the Lord Jeſus, and thou ſhalt be ſaved.

And finiſhing my diſcourſe with her, ſhe asked whether ſhe ſhould not ſee me again, eſpecially when ſhe was to ſuffer, for ſhe earneſtly requeſted my help, my aſſiſtance to her in that hour.

I promiſed, if it could be obtained, ſhe ſhould have it.

Being now returned to the reſt of the Malefactors, I ſpake ſomething of the Glories of that other World, where truly Penitent and believing ſinners were a going, what an unſpeakable happineſs God had prepared for them, and what wonderful rich grace this was on Gods part, that he ſhould promiſe and tender it unto them. Two of whom I hope were broken hearted, though they wanted much knowledge, and much of that Compunction that they ought to have; that if they would endeavor after more Grace, God, who was the God of all Grace, would give liberally unto them, and never upbraid them with their paſt ungodlineſs.

That the promiſes were not made ſo much unto the meaſure and degree of Grace, as to the nature and Truth of Grace: That a Grain of Gold was as truly Gold, as an heap or Mountain; That the Lord was no reſpecter of Perſons, but an Univerſal, a Common Saviour: That he deſpiſed not the day of ſmall things, *He would not quench the ſmoaking Flax, nor break the bruiſed Reed*, nor caſt off any ſelf-confounded, and ſelf-

self-condemned wrerches. That whatever their sins had been, they should beware of doubting or despairing of Gods mercies. Their despair of Salvation being a greater sin than Murder or High Treason. That I was not ignorant of Satans devices, no stranger to his Wiles and Stratagems, who when he could keep them no longer in Chains of darkness and Impenitency, would put Souls upon Over-doing in Repentance, and overwhelm them with horrors.

They should look to this and believe it, live and die upon it, that Christ Jesus was more willing to save them, than they were to be saved by him, that though they were to die shameful and painful deaths, you to be Hanged; and you to be Burnt. Yet here was a comfortable meditation, it was as easie going to Heaven from the Stake and Gallows, as from their Beds; and when their Souls were departing out of their Bodies, Gods Holy Angels would convey them into Paradise.

At this good news my Two Penitents wept; and I hope Tears of Joy.

And turning my self unto the Nurse, Woman, said I, it is the very grief of my Soul, and makes my heart bleed within me, that not one Syllable or tittle of these good words of Gods gracious promises belongs to thee. *This is the Childrens Bread, it must not be given unto Dogs and Devils.*

Having finished my discourse, I gathered up the particulars, and spread them before the Lord in Prayer, begging grace and glory for them: And that his Divine Majesty would yet mollifie that Adamant before him, and take away the heart of stone, and give an heart of flesh, and open the Brazen Doors that this Captive of Hell might go forth, and give glory to him by a full and ingenious Confession, and find mercy ere she went hence, and should be seen no more.

Taking my leave of them, hoping another day to see them in Heaven, I departed the Chamber. As I was going out the Nurse pulls me by the Coat, desiring private conference with me.

This very much surprized me, conceiving that she began to relent, and that Satan was a falling.

But I was miserably mistaken, when with Tears in her eyes she intreated me to deal effectually with the Maid, to declare who set her upon it to accuse her, that she might know them that contrived her death.

I told her, I had already; and in Three conferences could never find her to vary one tittle. That I saw the Maid ingenious and Penitent, but had not the least token of true Repentance from her; That she was a Brazen Impudent Hypocrite, thus to dissemble with God and Man, to pretend Innocency, when her own Conscience convinces her of the Guilt of so much blood. That she should not deceive her self, God would not be mocked, as she had Sown so she should Reap. She kept the Devils Counsel, and to the Devil she would go. I had spent my time and Spirits for the good of her Soul, but I saw no good issue thereof; and therefore look to it Woman, Look to it, that this do not make thy Hell hotter than Ordinary.

And then added one word, Prethee tell me, whether thou hast no sin at all upon thy Spirit, that troubles thee?

No, Sir, none at all I thank God. I never wronged any one in my life. I never hurt my Mistris, nor took a Needle of Thread from her.

I asked her farther. Whether she had not the Gold which her Brother stole from Master *Northam*.

She said No.

I

I told her my Intelligence came from her own Father, who avowed that her Brother gave it her in a Paper to take to his Child, and that ſhe took it indeed to the Child, but then immediately took it from him again.

All which ſhe ſtiffly denies, maintaining ſhe never ſaw nor knew of One Farthing of that Money, either Gold or Silver: That her Brother was too wiſe to intruſt it to her a poor Woman for his Child, who had a Child of her own. But this is downright Lying and æquivocation, as you will hear at the day of her Execution.

Coming down in the Court of the Jail, the Priſoners flock about me, to whom I addreſſed my ſelf in ſhort.

SOme Thirteen years ago in my firſt Impriſonment, I was confined unto this place, but bleſſed be God for no evil that I had done, unleſs to work in my place and calling be an evil. However, I learnt, from that day to this, to compaſſionate all Priſoners. And the mercies (being a ſtranger and Priſoner, I found by the good Providence of my God, in this Houſe,) have made me pay yearly ſome Vows and Thank-offerings to him within theſe Walls. That I would leave ſomething with them, which ſhould be better than Money, if they would accept it.

Some of you are now Reprieved, others Burnt in the Hand and to be diſcharged: Take heed, Sin no more, leſt a worſe thing befall you. If you do not go out of a Priſon new Men, and new Creatures, your old ſins will return again upon you, and the Devil that brought you hither, will enter once more into

you with Seven worſe Devils, and your latter end will be worſe than your beginning. If you do not mend your Lives, avoid and abhor your former ſins, obey, ſerve, and fear God, labor diligently in your callings, keep your Church, and wait upon Gods Holy Ordinances: If you do not leave all your wicked Company, and wicked Courſes, 'ile aſſure you, God will never bleſs you, you do but get looſe from a Priſon in Earth, to be clapt up at laſt everlaſting Priſoners with the Devil in his Gaol of Hell.

Whilſt my affairs called me Home-wards, it pleaſed God to ſtir up the Hearts of many Miniſters in the City of *Exon* to viſit theſe Priſoners, and to Proſecute that good work which was begun in them.

I am ſorry that no Memorials of their Pious Labors, and Divine Diſcourſes are fallen into my Hands, that might have enricht the Soul of my Reader, and been an embelliſhment to this courſe Paper.

Something occurred in Two Letters, which (craving pardon of my worthy Friends for inſerting it without their Privity,) I here offer to the World.

I Have yours of the Nine and twentieth inſtant, and immediately made it my work to inquire after the Miniſters which viſited the Poor Priſoners Condemned for Poyſoning Miſtris Weeks, *&c. And after my beſt Inquiry, can only learn in the General, that ſeveral have been with them. and that the Girl ſeems more Penitent than the Nurſe who ſtifly denies the Fact. I do not hear that either the one or the other have been abſolved or receiv'd the Sacrament. Maſter Treaſurer Hall was Ordinary, but I have not ſpoken with him. My affairs and buſineſs (which called me out of Town) would not permit me to ſee them till this day. I tarried an hour*

and

and half at leaſt with them, and upon my entring into the Room, where the poor wretches were kept, I found the young Girl with a Bible, and another Priſoner with a Book. (I preſume reading to them, for he told me he did uſe to do ſo.) Directing my ſelf to them both, I did the beſt I could to repreſent their ſad condition, and the demerits of their ſins, eſpecially of that horrid one, for which they were Condemned.

The Girl ſeemed ſomewhat ſenſible; but I ſaw no relenting in the Nurſe, which made me afterward direct my diſcourſe chiefly unto her. But after all I could ſay, I perceived it had little effect upon her; which made me tell her at my departure, that I was ſorry, I had not the leaſt word of Comfort for her. But however, I told her, I did hope my diſcourſe would prevail with her for a Confeſſion, if ſo, I ſhould be very glad of it, and upon any other notice from her, would readily come to her, though it were at midnight.

She ſeemed moſt ſenſible of theſe laſt words, and as I think, told me (for ſhe ſpake low) that ſhe would Conſider of it.

I am Sir,

Your Brother
and Servant.

Exon March
27. 1676.

From another I had this.

Dear Sir,

ALL the times I was with them, I could discern no great alteration in any one of them, the Nurse still refusing to confess any thing, and the Girl indeed uttering some good expressions, but I could not discern that they proceeded from any great sence within, or were accompanied with any affection. I hope God may have succeeded your endeavors there with them, better than he hath ours here. Mr. D. was with them thrice since I was, but could do no great good upon them, nor discern any thing in them: Yet I have heard the Nurse should desire to speak with him again, but to what purpose I know not. 'Tis reported she should say, She knew she should be Damned, but not for this Crime.

Sir,

Exon March 30, 1676.

Yours to love and serve you in our Lord Jesus,

What

What ever the effect and Fruit of their labors was, ſhe gave them this enſuing Confeſſion, which one of thoſe Reverend Miniſters, that panted after her Souls Salvation, took from her mouth, and hath Cloathed it in theſe words.

The Ingenious and true Confeſſion of *Anne Evans*, concerning the horrid and cruel Murder of *Elizabeth Weeks*, and *Mary Pengelley*.

ENvy being once at the height, is put in Execution with a Witneſs. This Nurſe having by ſome means cauſed her Husband to receive words from her Miſtris, he was pleaſed to be very angry with his Wife for the ſame, and withal threatens her to leave her. And departed for a Fortnights time; whereupon began an hatching of this Barbarous action by the ſaid Nurſe, ſaying ſhe would fit her for it; for ſhe her Miſtris was the cauſe of her Husbands going from her, (as ſhe ſaid) and endeavored to put it in practiſe with perſwading the ſaid Anne Evans *to go to Maſter* Mathews *the Apothecary for* Ratsbane, *telling her ſhe ſhould ask it for the poyſoning of Rats and Mice, ſaying, it will do her work in as ſhort a time as one might go to the Gate and back again, and then they ſhould live as merry as the days were long, when the old Devil was gone. Saying, ſhe knew one who was poyſoned in as little time with it and ſome Cream.*

Whereupon like a true and Faithful Servant, the ſaid Anne Evans *refuſeth and rejects the ſaid ſayings, and would by no means do it.*

Here we muſt ſtop a while, and give you to underſtand how much this poor Creature lived in fear of the Nurſe, and by that means neglected the diſcovery of it to the deſtroying of her Body, but we hope not to the deſtroying

of her Soul. For there is mercy with the Lord, that he may be Feared.

Now the Devil having once got hold on her Heart, neglects no opportunities, but puts her on it with great ſubtilties and invention: The Nurſe laying, as it is ſuppoſed by all circumſtances, a clean Paper twiſted at both ends with Poyſon in it in the path of the Garden; knowing that this Anne Evans was to go forth to gather Herbs to put into the Pot, (according to her Miſtreſſes command,) ſhe finds the Paper lying in her way, which ſhe took up, and brought in, and ſhews it to this Nurſe again, asking her what it was, who pretended ſhe knew not, and with all bidding her put it out of her hand, the Nurſe eyed her where ſhe lay'd it, which was in the Kitchin on a ſhelf

Going afterward to the Conduit for Water, at her return it came into her mind, to look on that thing once more, which ſhe had taken up in the Garden, and it was gone off from the ſhelf; which no body elſe could take but the ſaid Nurſe, for it was at Eight of the Clock at night, and no body there but ſhe.

Then the ſaid Anne Evans ſaw her grinding it on the Hearth with Two Tiles, and demanding her what ſhe was doing, ſhe cryed Peace! we ſhall have brave ſport, if you will but put this into the old Womans Diſh. She through her enticements and ſtrong perſwaſions, not knowing what it was, or that the end of it would be death, being not willing to have her diſpleaſure. For ſhe lived in great fear of offending the Nurſe, becauſe ſhe was in great favor with the young Miſtreſs, thinking that if ſhe did not conſent to her requeſt ſhe ſhould fare the worſe for it.

And further the ſaid Anne Evans doth teſtifie that the ſame Sunday ſhe was ſent for ſome drink, which ſhe brought to the Nurſe, and the Nurſe did Warm it, and put a bit of Bread into it, and drank up a good draught

of

of it, and filled it up again afterward with other drink, in which she had steeped some of that Powder all night, and gave it to the old Mistriss to drink.

Here is a Confession Harmonical with that she made formerly, she varied nothing from first to last in it. So that as the Serpent drew in Eve, in like manner did this wicked Nurse beguile this poor Maid into the transgression.

ON Wednesday the 29. of *March*, they left *Exon*, and were brought on Horseback to *Plymouth* in order to their execution.

At the Bridg end, as they were coming out of the City, that vile Woman was heard to say unto the Hangman boastingly, *That she had known many Men in her life*, and used several other obscene expressions, that I will not soil my Paper, nor make my Reader bush at the Relation of them.

In their journey, the Girl was very pensive, cared for little or no refreshment, and at the last place where they baited, being desired to take some sustenance; she replied, *There was other work for her than to eat or drink, she had a Soul to save, would look wholly after that, and no more care for her Body; which should neither eat nor drink more in this world.*

The Nurse was of a far different temper and deportment, far from seriousness, or thoughts of Death and Eternity; The Executioner was her Husband, and if he had not defiled her, they are both abominably wronged.

Now they return again to *Plymouth*. At their entrance they are attended by Thousands of People. Persons of all Age and Quality ran to meet them.

They

They are gazed at as ſo many Monſters. Every one paſſeth his cenſure on them; ſome with bowels of pitty on the poor Girl, ſcarce any one hath Charity for the Nurſe. They went from this Town with their ſin, and under guilt: They return unto it with ſhame, and ſorrow, and under wrath.

Being conducted unto their Chamber, the Reverend and Learned Miniſters of *Plymouth*, Dr. *Aſton*, Mr. *Collings*, and Mr. *Read* viſits them, and diſcourſe with them, but the Throng of Spectators was ſo great, that for the preſent much good could not be done by them. Yet ſo ſtrong a flame of divine love toward the Souls of theſe condemned wretches was kindled in the hearts of thoſe grave Divines, that they return again unto them after Ten, and though late at night, yet ſpent a conſiderable ſpace of time in Religious conferences with them, and muſter up all their arguments to induce that obſtinate ſinner the Nurſe to confeſs, and forſake the Devil, and to accept of Gods tender mercies. But the ſtiny Rock will ſooner guſh out with Waters, and the Adamant be broken to pieces by the Hammer, than her unmoveable Soul utter forth one Syllable of guilt. Heart-work, is hard work. None but the Divine and Omnipotent Arm can unlock it's Doors, or break its Bars in pieces.

With the Maid they had no difficulty, ſhe owneth, and confeſſeth all. Her deſires are for mercy at the hands of God, acknowledging ſhe deſerved and expected none from Men.

They conclude their charitable Viſit with ſeeking God, the Reverend Doctor praying moſt fervently for them.

I alſo viſited them again, and renued my aſſaults and batteries againſt this ſtrong hold of the Devil; but ſhe reſiſts, ſtands out againſt God, and all his Counſels;

Counsels; she resolves from first to last, whatever parleys she hath with Heaven, let the Lord humble himself never so much unto so base a Murderer, she may treat with him, but unless she can obtain her own Terms, her own Articles and Conditions, she will not surrender. Sill she hideth her sin, as *Adam*; still concealeth she the secret of Hell, as if she had been sworn Privy Counseller unto the Devil. She will sooner bite out her Tongue, and spit it out of her Mouth, or seal up the door of her Lips, than let the *depositum* of Satan have vent, and see the Sun. So that I could sigh unto my self as that *German Philip*, *The old Satan is too hard for young Melanchon.*

It was high time to leave her, upon whom no good impressions could be wrought.

I then betook my self to the poor Penitent, and asking her how she did, How it went with her Soul? She answers me, *Never was a poor Creature so cheated out of her life: But I forgive the Nurse from my Heart. And Sir, Though my sins are many, yet Gods mercies are more; and if Christ hath not merits enough to save me, I will be contented to be damned eternally.*

And afterward inquiring of her into the grounds and reasons of this her confidence, she told me, *She saw her sin, she was unfeignedly sorry for it, and not only that it was committed against her Mistresses, and had ruined them, and her self here; but chiefly this grieved her, that she had thereby dishonored God her Heavenly Father, who had made her, and Jesus Christ who had died for her, and God the Holy Ghost, who had sanctified her to become his Servant. That however, she would not despare of mercy. For the Thief upon the Cross found mercy from our Saviour at the last hour, and I Question not, that he my Saviour hath mercy for me.*

Reader, I give thee her very words, neither adding to them, nor substracting from them; and if they do

not

do not melt thee in reading, I muſt aſſure thee they did me in hearing them.

Her Siſters being come to her weeping and crying, ſhe was deſired to ſpeak to them, and urged becauſe her time was ſhort, ſhe anſwered, *My time is ſhort indeed, and I am drawing near unto Eternity, but I hope in God to an Eternity of Happineſs.*

My great work now was to ſettle her Spirit, and to corroborate her Soul againſt the horrors of her death; and told her after many other diſcourſes, *Anne*, thou art happier than many here, for I hope before Twenty four hours be paſt, thou wilt be in Heaven. Hold faſt thy hope and confidence in Gods mercy, which ſhal have a good recompence of Reward. No matter for thy puniſhment, ſince thou haſt a pardon.

Yea Sir, ſaith ſhe, *I believe, and receive this true and faithful ſaying, worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners, of whom I am chief.*

Having got a little ſilence, (and very little indeed it was, the noiſe and tumult of the people ever and anon drowning my voice,) I prayed with theſe Malefactors, and wiſhed them a good Night.

But ſleep they did not. Every hour increaſeth their fears.

The day of their Execution is now come, and early in the morning I gave them another viſit, comforted and confirmed the poor Maid, who deſired me not to leave her at her ſufferings, and dealt again with the Nurſe, though to as little purpoſe as formerly, and then ſought God by Prayer in their behalf.

That duty finiſhed, Turning my diſcourſe to the Maid, *Anne*, ſaid I, Thy time flies away, thy end is very near, take off thy heart wholly from the world. Be dead unto thy Relations, tell them, the beſt ſervice and kindneſs they can do thee is not to ſee thee, but pray for thee, and let all thy thoughts and deſires

be

be unto God, to be at home with him: long now to be in Heaven and Glory, turn thy Face to the Wall, since thou haſt no private Room, and power out thy Soul before the Lord, and wait, yea wait earneſtly for his Salvation.

Do not fear the Fire, God will carry thee thorough it, it can only hurt thy Body, it ſhall not ſinge thy Soul. Though thy Fleſh and thy Bones be conſumed, thou wilt have many Mourners, and God, I hope will gather thine Aſhes, and grant thee a Glorious *Reſurrection*. I want words to tell thee what the Joys of Heaven are, but thou wilt ſee, and feel, and taſt, and injoy them very ſhortly. I hope this day thou wilt be with the Lord, and all his bleſſed Saints, and glorious Angels in Paradiſe. She ſaid, *Amen*.

Notwithſtanding my ill ſucceſs and many repulſes hitherto, yet I would not leave the Nurſe. I reaſoned ſtill with my ſelf, who knoweth but that Grace may be given, and Satan may looſe his hold faſt, and the *Prey may be taken out of the Paws of the ſpoiler, out of the jaws of the Devourer*?

Satan hath fallen as a flaſh of lightning before the Miniſtry of Gods Holy word, God hath him in a Chain, and though ſhe hath not liſtened to the voice of former admonitions, it may be ſhe ſhall now unto the laſt.

Addreſſing my ſelf, therefore once again unto her, I told her, Nurſe, this is the laſt conference that ever I will have with thee on Earth about thy Soul, and nothing but my real ſence of its worth, and lothneſs that it ſhould be loſt for ever, would ever have ingaged me to it. That I got nothing but trouble, grief, and loſs of time thus to wait upon her, and not to be able to do good. I knew indeed my reward was with the Lord, and my work with my God, but yet I demanded this poor ſatisfaction of her now at parting, that

that she should not send me away with the sad thoughts of her damnation.

To which she very civilly replyed, *Sir, I thank you for all your love to my Soul. I believe that what you have done and spoken, hath been in order to my Eternal good.*

Well then, I added, shall you and I have a little private discourse together? She agreed. Desiring therefore the people to withdraw at a distance, I askt her in her Ear whether she were Guilty or not.

Sir, (saith she,) *I will tell you all I know*——Then stopt, at length she repeats again. *I will tell you all I know*——And then stops.

Whereupon I told her, Nurse, the Devil is leaving thee, God is coming in with mercy, do not now at the last hour refuse it, tell me what you know of this business, and I assure thee upon the word of a Minister, that without thy consent I will not disclose it. Do not fear shame, shame the Devil, and give Glory to God.

Sir, I confess, I did put the Spider into the Cup, and bad the Girl to squit it abroad; but it was a Foolish and vain word, I never intended any more hurt to my Mistris, than I do to my own Soul.

I believe she spake the truth, for she never intended good to her Soul. Just like Doctor *Lopez* the *Jew*, who being convented before the Privy Councel, for attempting to Poyson Queen *Elizabeth*, told their Honors, *That he loved the Queen better than he loved Christ. Tea*, (said a Noble Lord, *thou tellest the truth, for thou art a* Jew, *and loveſt both a like.*)

And Sir, I knew that this wicked Maid had an intent to make away her Mistris, and that she did it; but I was loth to discover, and now I must suffer for her fault. I told her no, it was for her own; and

she

she did not yet confess any thing to the purpose, all this I knew before, you must tell me as to your own hand and Guilt in this Murder. *None! None at all Sir*, that is her answer.

But Nurse, did you not tell such a Minister that visited you in Goal, that you would consider what he spoke unto you? at this she changed countenance, paled and redded once and again, minced, æquivocated, and faltered in her expressions; but taking her in all her Evasions, she could not deny she had promised him; and had considered of it, *yet knew no guilt by her self worthy of death.*

Getting no ground here, I askt her concerning the Gold, her Brother took her for his Child, she told me she never had any from him. Why then did you speak to Master *W.* to look after your Money, if you never had any, and be such a Poor Woman?

Sir, I will without any dissimulation tell you all the Truth. My Brother acquainted me that there was Ten Pound in a Purse hanging between the Vallance and the Wall of his Bed Chamber in Loo: *Whereupon my Husband got an Horse in* Plymouth, *Rode thither and brought it to me. So that I never had any of my Brother, but my Husband had.*

Well, Nurse, this may be as you say, though undoubtedly there was more; but how have you disposed of it? She replied, *It is put out for my Child.* I told her this is a very horrid Theft, the healer was as bad in the sight of God as the stealer; that without Restitution there was no Remission: That unless she took some course for its being restored, she could never be saved: That God would never bless it unto her Child: Yea, the very contrary, for it would be a snare and a curse unto her, and an occasion of destruction unto her, otherwise, innocent Child.

And recollecting all my former discourses and arguments

guments to her, I preſſed with all poſſible earneſtneſs and importunity, not willfully to precipitate her ſelf into Hell. That there were now but a few Sands in her Glaſs, a few breaths in her body, a few minutes in her time, that ſhe ſhould not play the Fool any longer, love the Devil, and hate God. The Devil had already undone her, yet the Lord was willing to ſave her. He ſent me once again upon that errand, but if ſhe were reſolved to adhere unto her grand Enemy, and utterly forſake the Lord her beſt Friend, I was heartily ſorry for her, I foreſaw ſhe muſt *Burn in Hell Everlaſtingly*. That in the day of Judgment, I ſhould be a witneſs againſt her, and it would be a fearful thing, that God Almighty ſhould tell her; did not I ſend Miniſter upon Miniſter to Convert, reconcile and ſave thee? Did not this and that come unto thee, Woe and intreat thee with tears in their eyes, with fair and gentle, with terrible and amazing words to confeſs and give Glory to me, but thou wouldeſt not?

Ah! Nurſe! Nurſe! What will you ſay unto the Lord then? She wept; and I wept for Company.

But recovering my ſelf, Woman ſaid I, do not flatter thy ſelf with falſe hopes of Life. For I fear thou keepeſt the Devils Counſel upon that account, Thou muſt die. All the world cannot ſave thee. Ere three hours be ſpent and gone, thou muſt be led unto the Gallows, and thence into Eternity. Oh! Hell! Hell! Hell! Woman is a place and ſtate of unſpeakable, of unſufferable horror and torment: Yet, Flee! Flee! Flee from it! Or thou art undone for ever.

I now Love, Pitty, Intreat, and Pray for thee: But if thou wilt be a Reprobate, a caſt away, I take God to witneſs, I have done my duty, my utmoſt to ſave

ſave thee, Lord, ſaid I, lifting up my Eyes and Hands to Heaven, I am free of the ruin of this Woman. Let her Blood, and Damnation lie upon her own Head!

And Nurſe, It is a very fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. The God to whom thou art going, is a conſuming Fire. Ah! Who can abide his anger? Who can ſtand before his indignation? None will compaſſionate thee at thy death. And in the day of Judgment, thou wilt be an abhorrency to all.

All this wrought nothing upon her beſides tears: Still ſhe avows her innocency; and had I not had unqueſtionable evidence of her guilt, poſſibly I might have been perſwaded ſhe was accuſed and condemned unjuſtly.

After this I ſat down, and Mr. *Collings*, the Reverend Miniſter of *Charles* Church coming in, he reaſoned with her for a long time, as alſo my worthy Friend Mr. *Sh.* But a Marble Quarry affords no Water, nor her ſtony Heart one penitential Tear. At length all their pains being uſeleſs, ineffectual, and unſucceſful, we reſolved to try the Lord once more by Prayer, and ſee whether any mercy might be got out of Heaven for her.

Mr. *Collings* was our Mouth to God. The condemned Perſons were upon their knees. Duty ended, I departed, and never ſpake more with her, till ſhe was upon the Ladder.

AND now ſhe is waited on to the Gallows. The Streets are crowded. The Major, Magiſtrates, and under Sheriff can hardly paſs for the throngs.

The poor Maid is drawn on the Hurdle. The poſture ſhe lay in was on her left ſide, her Face in her

Bosom, her Bible under her Arm, seeming like one dead, rather than alive.

At length we are come, though slowly to the place of Execution. *Plimouth* was then naked of Inhabitants, the Town was easie to be taken, and the Houses to be plundered, if an Enemy had been at hand to have done it. *Cat downe*, the *Lambhey*, *Citadel*, *Turn-Chappel*, and *Cat-Water* are prest with multitudes. Some computed their number Twenty thousand. But Commanders, who at lived in Wars, and seen great Armies, and therefore the most competent Judges in this case, estimated them at one half. I write within compass.

The Maid being nailed to her Stake, and the Iron Hoop about her, and the Nurse mounted upon the Ladder, she desires that this Relator might now Pray with her.

But it being thought requisite that the established Order of the Church should be observed, the Common Prayers were first Commanded. Which having been read Audably, and with great Devotion from the By-standers. The 51. *Psalm* according to the Girls request was sung: Who (it was very observable,) joyned with the People, singing also herself.

Now she being questioned about her offence owns every particular thereof, it having been propounded to her in particulars. Owneth that the Nurse bad her put it in; Only denieth the Deposition of *Scannels* Wife, professing that she cannot remember it: Professeth her hearty and unfeigned sorrow for her sin, not only because it had ruined her Mistresses and herself; but principally, and especially because it was an high dishonor to God, Father, Son, and Spirit, that it made her unworthy of his Favor and Blessing; yet she professed her Faith and Hope of Salvation, through

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the alone Merits of the Lord Jesus, Into whose hands she now commended her self; and desired to forgive all the World, and that Bloody Woman the Nurse, who had drawn her into destruction; and added, that she submitted patiently to her death, because she had deserved it. And said, it was her wish, that all others would take warning by her Example; and taking this Relator by the hand, *Sir*, saith she, *will you not pray with me? Did you not promise me you would?* And craving it with Tears, it was readily accorded.

Silence being commanded, and every Person composed, there was this following Prayer conceived, and poured before the Lord in her behalf.

MOst Holy Lord God! The Righteous Judg of the whole World! Just in all thy Ways, and Holy in all thy Works! The great and terrible God! a consuming Fire, and everlasting burnings! How can such sinful chaff, and stubble as we are stand before thee? We must needs in a Moment be reduced unto Ashes, if thou hast not pitty on us. But blessed be thy Name, thou art a God of wonderful Love and Mercies. Thou hast so loved the World as to give thine only begotten Son to the death for us, that we believing in him should not perish but have everlasting life.

We are greater Sinners than the Apostate Angels, and yet have greater Mercies afforded us, though they are better capacited to serve God than our selves, and never sinned against thee but once, yet thou didst utterly reject them, never gavest a Christ to them, nor to die for them; whereas thou hast bestowed him on us the most unworthy Persons, Sons and Daughters of sinful Adam, *who have never ceased sinning against thee.*

We are all Sinners by Nature, and from our Youth upward. We were conceived in sin, and born in iniquity. Our Infancy, our Youth, and riper years have been all

spent in the drudgery of sin. We have broken all the Commandments of our God in heart, thought, word, and deed; sinned against the Law, and against the Gospel; against all the means used by our God to reclaim, and to reform us. We have despised the best of Mercies, and deserved the worst of Judgments, yea to be burnt up with unquenchable flames, as this poor, wretched Malefactor is now ready to be with those that are temporal. But hitherto thou hast spared and reprieved us, and given us space for Repentance, and waitest to be gracious to us, and biddest us, seek thee O our God, whilest thou mayest be found, and call upon thee whilest thou art near, to forsake our ungodliness, and to forego all our wickedness, and thou wouldest abundantly pardon; yea thou art so gracious, as to bid and incourage us to Pray for others, with promises of Audience and Acceptance.

This emboldens us to make our addresses to thee for this poor condemned Creature, *ready to be executed. We confess for her, and she doth acknowledg for her self, Lord! her great and grievous offences, that she hath been a Rebel against thee all her days, lived in sin, neglected duty, neglected getting the saving knowledg of God, and acquaintance with thee; that she hath not hearkened to the voice of God speaking from his holy Word unto her; but listned readily unto the Temptations and Suggestions of the Devil, a Murderer from the beginning, and by whose enticements she hath embrewed her hands in blood, in the guilt of innocent Blood of her Relation and Superiors, which crys to Heaven for vengeance against her. Lord! she cannot stand before the Justice of Men. Ah! how unable is she to subsist at the Bar of God? Man hath justly condemned her, and the Lord might justly damn her, and that to all Eternity. The wages of her sin is death, death Temporal, and Eternal.*

But Lord! though she is miserable, thou art merciful; though she is full of sins, thou art full of pardons; though

she

she is helpless in her self, yet in thee, Lord, is she not hopeless. Blessed be God that hath opened a Door of hope for her in the Resurrection of Christ Jesus, who was delivered to the death for her sins, and rose again from the dead, that she might be justified. Thy Free guift in Christ Jesus is Eternal Life. Oh! How sweet is thy mercy?

Suffer us, Blessed Father! In all humility to plead with thee in her behalf. Oh, That thou wouldest be gracious to her! She is thy Creature, the work of thine hands, do not destroy her! She is the purchase of thy Sons blood, Oh, Let him not loose her! Christ died for her, Oh, Let him not die in vain for her! Therefore save her! Her sins are many, but thy mercies are infinitely more, her sins are Bloody, Crimson, Scarlet, and crying sins, but the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sins. Blood-shed by her cryeth down Vengeance on her. But yet, dear Lord! Hear! Oh hear the lowder outcries of thy Sons blood for her! She is, if ever any, an object worthy of pity, not from any worth in her, but because of her misery. If God do not help her, who will? Who can? Men and Angels cannot save her, but Jesus Christ can. He is able. And Blessed be thy name, sweet Jesu! Thou art willing also even to the worst and utmost to save.

Thou art an Almighty, and All sufficient Saviour, thine arm is not shortened, thy Grace is not exhausted. Oh, Magnifie thy Grace now, even now upon her! Thou hast said, that the weary, the heavy laden should come unto thee, and thou wouldest give them rest: And that such as come unto thee, though the greatest sinners, thou wouldest not cast out. 'Tis late indeed that she comes unto thee, but not too late. Truth Lord! Late Repentance is seldom true, but yet true Repentance is never too late. Better late than never.

Thou hast given us one instance, one example of the Thief on the Cross saved at the Eleventh, at the last hour save one, 'tis but one, that we should not presume;

fame; and yet one, that we should not despair. Oh Lord, she will not despair of thy mercy, that were a greater sin than all the rest that she hath committed. Now Lord, though late she comes unto thee, she throws her self at thy Feet, and we thy poor Servants come unto thee, and prostrate our selves at thy Feet for her: Oh! Do not cast her out of thy sight! Oh! Let her not be Damned, but saved! This is a true and faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, most worthy of hers, and she accepts of it, and rests upon it, and trusts unto it, that Jesus Christ came into the World to save sinners, Of whom she is chief, Thou art willing that all should be saved: Therefore thou art willing she should be saved also. Thou hast put these words into her mouth, and into our mouths for her. That if Jesus Christ hath not merits enough to save her, she, and we also will be contented that she should be Damned for ever.

But Blessed be our God! The merits of our Saviour are Infinite, Oh! Lord, make application of them unto her poor Soul. Oh! Take away for Christs sake all her sins! Blot out her iniquities as a Cloud, and her Transgressions as a thick Cloud. Though her sins have abounded unto her Condemnation, yet let thy grace much more, infinitely more abound unto her justification. Enter not into Judgment with her, Oh Lord! Deliver her from blood guiltiness, Oh God, thou God of her Salvation! And her Tongue, and our mouths shall sing aloud of Christs Righteousness, and of thy Faithfulness.

Oh, take away whatsoever may hinder the Communications of thy Love, favor, and Salvation unto her! Purge sin out of her! Give a broken, contrite, and truly Penitent heart unto her! She is Mourning for her sin, and misery: Oh, wash her in the blood of the Lamb, in that Fountain opened for sin and for Uncleannesses, in the Laver of Regeneration! Oh, sanctifie, and renew her by thy Holy Spirit! Take away all the spots and blots of her

her sin! Though she be defiled and deformed with innumerable and those the most abominable, yet canst thou rense and cleanse her in a moment. No unclean thing shall enter into thy Kingdom. Without Holiness none can see the Lord. Now the Lord Sanctifie her throughout, in her whole Soul, Body and Spirit.

And though she hath been by the wiles of the Devil cheated of her life, and is now to suffer Justly for her evil deeds, give her to bear patiently the indignation of her God, because she hath sinned against thee, and to accept of the punishment of her iniquity! Though she must burn in Temporal flames, yet let her not burn in Everlasting flames! Oh, Let the streams of Christs blood quench out the flames of thy wrath! Though she die in Earth, Lord! Save her from Hell! Oh, Give her Faith, the Faith of Gods elect! And the Lord strengthen her Faith! Oh, Confirm her hope! Oh, Give her to abound in hope through thy Holy Ghost given to her! Oh, Grant that Faith, Hope, and patience may have their perfect work in her.

Give in some token, some pledge of thy good will unto her, if it be thy good pleasure! Oh, revive, support, and comfort her drooping Spirits! Though she be in the Valley and shaddow of death; do not forsake her! Oh, do not forsake her! Say unto her, thou art her Salvation! Tell her, that after she hath suffered a little while, she shall be with thy self in Heaven, perfect with thee in Glory! Say unto her as unto the Thief upon the Cross, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise!

Oh, keep off Satan from her! He is never more busie, than when thy poor Worms are weakest, and least able to defend themselves from him. Lord Jesu! Fight for her against him! Keep her pretious and immortal Soul from him! Oh, Be with her now in these her last agonies. Give thy Holy Angels to wait upon her, and in that very moment that her Soul shall go out of her Body, let those

Glorious Angels carry it into Abrahams *bosome! Into thy hands do we commend her. Into thy hands doth she commit her Spirit Dear Jesu! Save it! For thou hast loved, redeemed, and died for it! And now Lord, though earth will loose a bloody Sinner, yet let Heaven be augmented by one Saint more!*

O Look down from Heaven, the Habitation of thy Holiness and Glory upon this numerous Assembly! Oh, let them not be idle Spectators of these dreadful Providences. Oh, That they may be Ordinances for their good, for their Conversion and Reformation: Oh, That every Soul, that is gazing here may smite upon his Breast, and lament that Universal corruption which is in our nature, and the woful effects of our sin. Sin having once conceived, bringeth forth death.

We have the root of the matter in us, the very causes of those sins, for which these Malefactors suffer, had we the same temptations we might be Guilty of the like transgressions. And were it not for the Cords and Curbs of thy Restraining Grace, we should be in their Condition. Blessed be God we are not! 'Tis thou only that hast made us to differ. Oh, That all Masters of Families, Parents of Children, would see that they in their own Persons, and with their Families do serve the Lord! Oh, Let there be no Prayerless Families, no uncatechized Children in this Place!

Look once more we pray thee, with mercy upon thy poor Creature! She is very low, very miserable, yearn upon her with bowels of compassion, and embrace her with arms of everlasting love! Be her God and her Guide unto death, and her Saviour from everlasting death!

And all we beg, in, and for the sake of our dearest Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who sits on the Right hand making intercession for her, and for us. Hear us

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for his ſake, and graciouſly anſwer us, and do abundantly for her, and us, beyond what we can ask or think! To him, with thy ſelf Holy Father, and Eternal Spirit, be Everlaſting Glory, Dominion, Praiſe, and Thanksgiving. Amen.

Prayer being ended, I lifted up my hands over her, and ſaid, *Anne*, the Lord bleſs thee, and keep thee! The Lord make his Face to ſhine upon thee, and be gracious to thee! The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee Peace! And if thy Repentance be true, and thy peace made with God, and our Prayers heard, as I hope they all are, death wont be terrible unto thee. Now Farewel Life, welcome Death. God will ſend his Holy Angels in a Fiery Chariot to Convey thy Soul into Heaven.

THis poor wretch weeping, and wringing me by the hand, *Sir*, ſaith ſhe, *I am never able to requite you for all your labor of love, care and pains about the Salvation of my precious Soul; but the Lord will, I hope. The Lord reward you! The Lord recompenſe you for all theſe kindneſſes! I thank you with all my Heart.*

And as I was departing from her, ſhe beſpake me, *Sir, pray intreat for me, that I may not be put to too much torture.* I anſwered her in broken words and tears (for few there refrained.) That I would do my utmoſt endeavor to prevent it: And turning my ſelf to the Gentlemen in Authority. Gentlemen, the *Engliſh* temper abhors Cruelty, ſhow ſome Bowels to this poor Creature. I need not intreat it, there was ſuch a Clowd of grief ſitting upon all their Faces,

Faces, and ſo much tenderneſs and compaſſion, that they would have done their utmoſt to have hindred it.

Two—— went to the Maid, and asked her what Faith and what Repentance were. And one of them proceeded to inſtruct her in the nature of Faith, that it was to take Chriſt as Lord and King, and to ſubmit unto all his Laws, to be Governed by them, and in particular to this of ſuffering the puniſhment inflicted on her for her ſin.

At which putting them off with my Hand, I replied.

Gentlemen; do not trouble her, 'tis unſeaſonable now to Catechize her in Doctrinals; ſhe ſtands in need of ſome Soveraign Cordials to revive and ſupport her drooping Spirit in theſe her laſt Agonies with death, and conflicts with the D vil.

And Addreſſing my ſelf once again unto her, *Anne* ſaid I, fear not, but caſt thy ſelf upon the everlaſting mercies of God in the blood of Chriſt Jeſus, and thou ſhalt be ſaved. Since thou muſt die, die upon this, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the World to ſave ſinners, of whom thou art chief. And 'twill be but a quarter of an hour, and thou ſhalt be freed from all ſins and torments. Say. Into thy hands I commit my Spirit. Lord ſave it! For thou haſt died for it. Lord Jeſu, thou Son of *David* have mercy upon me! Oh, Thou Lamb of God receive my Soul!

I left her, expecting no anſwer. The Rope is now drawn cloſe unto her Neck, and the Hangman would have ſet Fire unto the Furze before ſhe was ſtrangled; but ſome more charitable and tender-hearted, cryed to him to take away the Block from under her Feet; which having done, ſhe ſoon fell down, and expired in a Trice.

And it was obſervable, that all the skill and diligence of

of the Executioner and his Assistants, could not make either Powder, Wood, or Fewel to take fire; till she had been dead a Quarter of an hour; as also, that as soon as the fire was kindled, the Wind which blew before in the back of the Nurse, immediately shifted, and drove the smoke full in her Face; as if God had spoken to her, The Smoke of my Fury, and Flames of my Fiery Vengeance are now Riding upon the Wings of the Wind towards thee.

And now for Two hours, the Nurse feeds her eyes, and feasts her thoughts with the sad spectacle of this poor Maids burning.

The flames being well allayed, several Ministers, and worthy Gentlemen indeavor yet the Repentance, Conversion, and Saving of her Soul. But all succeeds as formerly. She denies her guilt; pleads her Innocency, accuseth Judg, Jury, Witnesses, Country, and all of her Murther; that she is Murthered, that they take away her Life unjustly: Nay, that they kill too; she is with Child, expects to be delivered about Midsummer. What will you Murther one that is unborn? And a great deal more of the like stuff.

That she was not with Child we heard evidenced upon Oath at her condemnation. And a skilful Hand-Woman, searching her but a night before her Execution, could never discover any such thing.

Most probable the true ground of all her denials, was a foolish hope of Life; the Hangman as it is commonly noised, having promised never to execute her. Whatever familiarities had past between them Two in Jail, I know not. This is certain, the Hangman brought the under Sheriff to terms just as they were leaving *Plymouth*, and going to the place of Execution. And the Girl being dispatched, he ran away with the Halter under the Clifts; and when he was brought back, lay asleep at the Foot of the Gallows,

or

or at least pretended sleep, and so deferred Execution.

Besides another Accident intervened, which put a stop for a time, and had it not been prudently and presently composed upon the place, would have totally suspended, for that day at least, her Execution.

All these Circumstances jumping in one upon the other, contributed to the strengthening of her Heart in the false hopes of Life. For what she would have, it was an easie matter to perswade her to believe and hope.

But at length she hath worn out all patience both of God, and Man. And the Halter is fastened to the Gibbet, and put about her Neck. Now Ministers ply their work with her, because she is upon the brink of Destruction, and in view of Hell.

No sin she acknowledgeth, no guilt as to the Fact for which she is condemned. Indeed she confesseth, *She had been a Swearer, Lier, and Sabbath breaker*, but none others trouble her. As to Money that her Brother stole, and was in hers, or her Husbands hands, she now chargeth upon a dead Person, having wronged her in her life, she must mischief her at her death too. No Bond, nor Bill can she produce, nothing under the Deceased's hand can she show for her having received it; yet doth she charge Mr. *W.* to look that it be restored unto the right Owner.

Ministers however lament her deplorable condition, especially since just as she is going out of the World, she cryes, *Fudg and Revenge my cause, O Lord!* Which made this Relator tell her, He now saw, what he formerly feared, *viz.* That God was departed from her, that the Devil was already in her heart, for he sat upon her tongue, that troops of Devils were upon the Ladder by her, all gaping for her; and that with-

in

in a few moments, they would have her wretched Soul into Hell with them; and then, and there she would be soon sensible of her madness in dying with a Lye in her Mouth, and confess, and mourn for her folly and madness in rejecting Heaven and Salvation, but it would be too late, and to no purpose: For her condition, whatever it might be here, would infallibly be there unalterable, and irreversible.

That she was going into a Lake of Fire and Brimstone there to be tormented for ever and ever; and when she was in the midst of those Eternal torments, she would remember that I had told her of it.

A *Psalm* was called, and part of the Twenty fifth sung. Never did I see but one in that heavy condition. Whilst the people sing, she cries and weeps bitterly, the very terrors of death are upon her, she cries as if her Heart would break. Indeed her Soul was overwhelmed with unmeasurable horrors and fears; she had no mind to die, nor could she be vouchsafed Life. What hopes could she have in her departure, who never laid any sollid basis for good hopes during life?

The *Psalm* is now sung out, and yet is she summoned to confess, but it is as good speak to the stones, or to the Deaf Adder, that stops his ear, she will never be charmed, let the Charmers Charm never so wisely.

At last being demanded whether she would have any Prayers, or any Person Pray for her, she said yes, and pointed to this Relator, desiring him to perform that Office for her: Who replied, that he was most willing to serve and save her Soul: But in as much as she made no Confession of her Crying sins of Murther, and of her Theft and Uncleanness, and other Villanies whereof she knew her self Guilty, he durst not take the name of God in vain for her sake: Besides

he

he ſhould but tempt God to ask a pardon for her, who reſolved never to take it upon Gods Terms.

In ſhort, if ſhe would be yet ingenious, and give Glory to God by adoring his Juſtice, and ſhameing her ſelf, and renouncing her ſin and the Devil, there was no perſon more willing to pray with her, and pray for her than himſelf.

To which ſhe making no reply, Mr. *R.* the Miniſter conceived a pithy and pertinent Prayer, lamenting the depravedneſs of our Nature, the horribleneſs of Gods wrath, the poſſibility of Salvation refuſed by deſperate ſinners, and as we feared in particular by this Malefactor his dear Siſter now ready to be turned over. He petitioned that if it were not yet too late, that God would give her Repentance, and break her ſtony heart, and cauſe her to glorifie him at the laſt by an ingenious and full Confeſſion.

Prayer being ended, ſhe is once again asked, whether ſhe would confeſs. But being obſtinate in her refuſals, ſhe prayed for her ſelf in the words of the Lords Prayer, ſaid the Creed; and being yet exhorted to Remember the merciful nature of God, who would ſave her, as we yet hoped, provided ſhe would come unto his Terms of Confeſſion and Repentance.

She tells us. *She cannot Confeſs that whereof ſhe is not Guilty.*

Being asked whether ſhe could die in Charity with her Witneſſes and Accuſers. She ſaid, *I forgive all the World.*

And a while after, without any viſible tokens of Religion, Grace, or Devotion, without any obſervable preparedneſs or willingneſs for death, by any of thoſe many Divines that had painfully dealt with her, or Chriſtians that beheld her, ſhe was turned

off

off the Ladder, and went into that other World. She went out like the Snuff of a Candle, leaving a ſtench behind her.

And if it be asked, what is become of her Soul?

I anſwer, the Queſtion is idle, needleſs, over-curious, and unprofitable, 'tis not for ſaucy Creatures, poor crawling Earth-worms, (ſuch as our ſelves are) to pry into the deep ſecrets of Gods Eternal Counſels, nor to peep into the ſacred Ark of his bottomleſs decrees. Theſe inſcrutable purpoſes of God by reaſon of their inexplicable difficulties will amaze and puzle us; nor can we ever poſſibly attain unto any infallible certainty or ſatisfaction concerning her. I know the abſolute and uncontroulable Soveraignty of Divine Grace and mercies, and that God can come in, if he pleaſe, between the Bridge and Water, the Cup and the Lip. But who can inform, or aſſure me that God did ſo to her? She is gone unto her Judge, hath undergone her Doom; and if ſhe be ſaved, it is a Thouſand mercies unto the World, that the World neither doth, nor can know it.

But did ſhe not proteſt her Innocency to the very laſt?

I know ſhe did, and is ſhe Innocent becauſe ſhe ſaid ſo? Dying perſons are indeed to be credited: But then they muſt be perſons of credit and ſerious; and if Condemned Malefactors, ſuch as are moſt Eminent and exemplary for their Repentance. Can any one Man or Woman living, that Converſt with her from firſt to laſt, from her Impriſonment to her Execution, avow upon her knowledge, that ſhe ſaw ſo much as one poor token of a broken heart, of a ſincere Penitent in her? Produce it, and it ſhall be Thankfully accepted.

Had ſhe been Innocent, ſhe could not have been ſo much concerned for life as ſhe was? I told her in

Plymouth

Plymouth and *Exon*, and she was told the same by a Reverend Divine, that Innocency was a Wall of Brass, it would carry a Person above the fear of Death, make her to outbrave Death; she could go triumphantly into the presence of the Eternal Judg, and bless him that she was condemned unjustly.

Besides, her Innocence as to this Fact, would have ingaged her to a more curious and exact scrutiny into her life past, to have found out the true cause of Gods anger in shortning her days, and to a most holy life, and religious preparation of her Soul for death, during the whole time of her imprisonment. None of which she had done; unless loosenes, prophaneness, and uncleanness must be expounded, and taken for it.

Finally, I lookt upon her as a desperate and Forelorne wretch, and told her it was no new thing to find her such. 'Tis no new thing for the worst of sinners to be desperate. Were not *Cain*, *Saul*, *Abimelech*, *Achitophel* and *Judas* desperate? This Relator heard a man Condemned to be Hanged, utter upon the Ladder these words.

Gentlemen, I value not my life of a Rush, I fear not death; and without any more Ceremonies or ado, (and Soldiers are none of the most Religious.) He willfully leapt off of the Ladder at *Crimble-passage*: Where had not others shown his body more mercy than he did hi own Soul, he might have perisht everlastingly.

I know not whether she had as much Courage. Sure I am, Death never struck unto her Spirits; till the *Psalm* was a Singing, and it was a doleful Tune unto her. Her heart was then up in her mouth. If it were not broke with the sence of sin, and near approaches of Divine wrath, it was with the very horrors of death. Others Sang. she did but howl and yell. Methought the expressions of her grief, and vehemency

vehemency of her passions, raised strange resentments and compassions in the Spectators.

One, and but one have I known in her condition, a big and tall Fellow, that upon the score of his strength, could have affrighted the King of Terrors: Yet after Sentence (and for Burglary was he Sentenced unto death,) his heart failed him, his Spirits sunk, his Soul died within him: All his Language, and that too in groans and Floods of Tears, with blubbered Cheeks and wringed hands, was: *I shall die! I shall die! I shall die! I shall die! Woe is me! I shall die! I shall die!*

Though I came to him into the Jail, took him by the hand, intreated him upon my knees, not to be so much concerned for the loss of his Natural Life: But to look after another, a better Life, after the life of his miserable Soul: Yet no Arguments, no motives could prevail upon him. He was Deaf in that ear. A stone might have heard and answered, but this wretch would give none other answer, than, *I shall die! I shall die! Woe is me! I shall die! I shall die!* The terrors of death, like an opiate Medicine, had quite stupified him, that he could not listen unto the best Counsels for his Souls welfare.

But what and if this vile woman had been Guilty of some other Capital Crimes? I know of the dead the best must be spoken; but then those dead persons should not be Impenitent Criminals.

It is no pleasure to me, no pleasing task to Rake in Dunghils. Would to God all Vices were Buried together with hers, though under the Gibbet! It were no difficult matter, nay a man might with a wet Finger, prove her Guilty of foul and frequent Adulteries, of Debauching Young persons, of prostituting herself in Prison, are these no Capital offences? Let them not be! What meant she by those words unto

the Girl, that to her knowledg a little Poyson in Cream had made one away in less time than you could go from her Masters House to the Gate.

I am apt to think that she would not confess this Murder lest some other might out also. There was a shrewed *Item* in her *Exon* acknowledgment, That she knew she should be damned, though not for this Crime.

It brings to my remembrance a Story which I had from Mr. *B. Cl.* a very holy Man of God, a Reverend Minister of the Gospel, (who if yet in the Land of the living, is one of the most Ancient Laborers in the Lords Vineyard in this Western Dioces,) that in his younger days when he was Minister of *Petrocks* by the Castle of *Dartmouth*, he was sent to Visit and Pray with a dying Man, under very much trouble of Conscience.

His case was this, Sir, said he unto the Minister, about Seven months since, as I was walking to *Buscow*, I met a Camerade of mine, who had gone to Sea about a fortnight since, and taking him by the hand, wondring at his arrival, I said, What chear Mate? What makes thee return so soon, and look so Pale? I am dead quoth this *Spectrum*. Dead Man, and yet walk, and talk? Yes, saith he, I am dead. I was took sick shortly upon my going to Sea; and died this day, and about an hour since, so many Leagues off, was I thrown overboard.

Now I desire thee to go home, and tell my Wife of it, and to open my Coffer, and show her my Will, and see my Legacies paid; which having promised to do for him, at parting he added, *And as for that business between thee and me, that thou well wotest off, I charge thee, that thou never speak of it to any Man living, for if thou dost, I will in that very moment tear thee in a thousand pieces.*

Now

Now Sir, this lies heavy, heavy upon my Conſcience. Fain would I declare it, it is upon my Tongue, but I cannot. And why can you not? Oh Sir, do not you ſee him? Do not you ſee him? Look how terrible he is! There he is juſt againſt me. Oh! how doth he threaten me? I would tell you, but I dare not. And whatever arguments this Reverend Perſonage could uſe unto the ſick Man, he could never bring him to a Confeſſion; but he pines away under his terrors, and horrors; till at laſt not being able to ſubſiſt any longer by reaſon of them, he died.

Whether there be any parallel between the conditions of this Man, and Woman, I leave it unto my Readers judgment.

The poor Girl, at her Death, at the very point of Death charged her with it. This *Philip Cary* her ſelf confeſſed before the Major of *Plymouth* at her Examination, and the very day before her Execution to this Relator, that ſhe knew of it. And is ſhe Innocent? VVe have reaſon to believe the confeſſion of a Penitent, before the denial of a ſtubborn, and impenitent VVoman.

Beſides, ſhe had a very fair trial before the Judge. There were no leſs than Nineteen VVitneſſes that gave in their Evidence to his Lordſhip, and the Grand Jury upon Oath againſt her. Yet ſhe ſaith, Not guilty: Yea, and takes it to her death, that ſhe is Innocent, knew nothing of Poyſon.

But what if all this be nothing but Lyes, and Impoſture? VVhat if evidence appears againſt her after death, and that ſhe did both know of it, and buy the Poyſon alſo?

Reader I will not amuſe thee, caſt thine Eyes upon what follows, and thou wilt be in ſome meaſure ſatisfied.

The Examination of Elizabeth *the Wife of* Thomas Webb *of* Plymouth, *in the County of* Devon. *Marriner, had, and taken at* Plymouth, *by, and before the Worſhipful* William Weeks, *Gentleman, one of his Majeſties Juſtices of the Peace within the Burrough of* Plymouth, *on her Corporal Oath the Seventh day of* April, Anno Domini 1676.

THe ſaid Examinant ſaith, That about a week before, *Philip* the Wife of *Richard Cary* of *Plimouth* was committed to *Plimouth* Priſon, on ſuſpition for the Poyſoning of *Elizabeth Weeks*, and *Mary Pengelley*; This Examinant, *on a Saturday Evening*, when the Candles were lighted being at the Houſe of *John Vallacke* Apothecary in *Plymouth*, there came into the ſaid Mr. *Vallacks* ſhop, a VVoman (who was a ſtranger unto this Examinant,) and deſired the ſaid Mr. *Vallacks* Boy to give her a Penny worth of *Mercury*, as ſhe called it, and ſaid ſhe was haſty: That accordingly the ſaid Boy, delivered unto the ſaid VVoman the ſaid *Mercury*, (as ſhe called it) *in a white Paper.*

And that about a week after, that the ſaid *Philip Cary* being committed unto the ſaid Priſon as aforeſaid, this Examinant went to the VVindow of the Priſon, and ſaw her, and ſhe believes that the ſaid *Philip Cary* was the ſame VVoman, which ſo fetched the ſaid *Mercury* as aforeſaid.

Signum dictæ. E. VV.
Elizabeth Webb.

Poſſibly you will ask, VVhy had not this VVoman given in her Evidence, being ſo material, before her death? I anſwer, She is of age, Let her ſpeak for her ſelf.

Reader

READER, by this time, I believe thou art well-wearied; Sure if thou be not, I am. However at parting, let me ask thee one Question, VVhat art thou? A Master, or a Servant? A Parent, or a Child? In what Relation standest thou? Inferior, or Superior.

I. *If thou be a Child, or Servant; Receive Wisdom, receive Instruction.*

1. BEware of little sins, you generally make no reckoning of them. Your vain Thoughts, your idle Words, your envious and malicious Imaginations, your froward Replies and Answers again, your undutiful and disobedient Carriages to Parents, to your Masters, and Mistresses, these are counted by you little sins. But what and if God call them great sins? VVhose opinion and judgment shall we take concerning the nature and evil of sin. Yours, or Gods?

My dear Youth! Read, and Ponder that Text of Scripture, *Whosoever shall break one of these least Commandments, and shall teach Men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven.* Math. 5. 19.

I must tell you, and you shall find it by woful experience, that little sins allowed, make way for great sins. A little Thief creeping in at the VVindows, may open the Door to great Ones. A little Sin is as mortal, as damnable as a great one. A little Leak undiscerned, may sink Ship, Men, and Goods. A Ponyard shall stab a Man to death, as well as a Rapier. A Pistol can kill, as well as a Cannon. Little sins fill up the measure of your sins; one very little sin may do it. Cyphers in themselves signifie nothing; but added unto figures, how do they raise

the sum? A Consonant of it self may be a Mute, make no sound, but joyned with a Vowel may make a roaring noise.

Those which you call little sins may fill up the Sum, and seal up the Account, and make a roaring Noise against you in Heaven. Your thought-sins never acted but intended, are just like a Grain cast on a piece of Gold, or a light Feather upon an heap, they may turn the Scales, and bring down upon you Eternal Vengeance. The *Sodomites* had committed many sins, and God had passed them by very graciously; at last *they would have sinned*, and are punished with Hell out of Heaven for *the sin of their Wills*, a sin intended by them, though never committed. *Gen.* 19. 9. 11. 24.

2. My dear Youth, beware of wicked Company. *Blessed is the Man that walketh not in the Counsel of the Ungodly, nor standeth in the way of Sinners, nor sitteth in the Seat of the scornful.* Psal. 1. 1. Look upon wicked Company as Plaguy Persons, and shun them as you would those who had the Plague of God upon them. When *Corah*, and his rebellious Crue were swallowed up alive by the yawning Earth, and went down quick into Hell, *All* Israel *that were round about them, fled at the cry of them; for they said, lest the Earth swallow us up also.* Num. 33. 34.

My Son, if Sinners intice thee, consent thou not; if they say come with us, let us lay wait for Blood, let us lurk privily for the Innocent without Cause; let us swallow them up alive as the Grave: We shall find all pretious substance, we shall fill our Houses with spoil. Cast in thy lot among us, let us all have one Purse. My Son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy Foot from their path: For their Feet run to evil, they lay wait for their own Blood. You lurk privily for the

the destruction of your own lives. Companions in sin, will be Companions in Hell. *Prov.* 1. 10. to 19.

3. Flee the sins of youth, vanity and self-conceitedness, rashness, pride, and ostentation, hot blood, Fiery, and vindictive passions, noysome, filthy, and fleshly lusts, disobedience and brutish obstinacy, self-love, lying, idleness and intemperance, neglect of your Souls, forgetfulness of God and of your latter end. Sins of youth, have been an Hell to Gods aged Saints. *Thou writest bitter things against me, and remembrest the iniquities of my Youth,* Job 13. 26. The sins of your green years will be a stock of sorrows for your Gray Hairs. Young Colts must be tamed and broken. A young Penitent is better than an aged Sinner. Holyness in youth will give you peace in death, 1 *King* 14. 13. and 2 *Chronicles* 34. 27. 28.

4. Study diligently and practice conscientiously the duty of thy place, calling and Relation. Art thou a Child? Learn and perform the duty of a Child. Art thou a Servant? Learn and perform the duty of a Servant, submit to Catechizing, do not count it a thing beneath thee. Subjection to Gods Ordinances is thy dignity and Glory. Honor thy Father and Mother, thy Master and Mistress is the First Commandment with promise, if you do not, you are self-Murderers, you cut your own Throats, and shorten the days of your life.

I have read of a Young man Hanged at Four and twenty years, whose Curled Black Locks upon the Gallows instantly turned white, many inquiring into the cause of such a strange event: A Grave Divine assigned this reason, had this young man been dutiful to his Parents, Obedient to his Superiors, he might

have lived so long, till that in the course of nature, his Black Hairs had become White.

5. When tempted to any scandalous sin, tending to the hurt of thy Neighbor, and the Temptation abideth on thee, disclose it without any more ado to some Godly Minister. This daſheth the temptation to pieces, and will contribute as you shall find by experience, wonderfully unto your peace and safety.

Had this poor Girl, when first assaulted, detected the Devils Counsel, possibly she had never been drawn out to Murder.

I knew one in the like Case, that after I had preached of the mischievousnes of thoughts, and of the ready way to quel and subdue their violence and impetuosity, by taking Ghostly Counsel from a Spiritual Guide, came and discovered it to me with a flood of Tears a long intended purpose of Murder, and by the blessing of God on a Religious use of Holy Counsels was afterward delivered from that Hellish Temptation.

Beware dear Youth, of trusting to your own understanding, or going out in your own strength to combat Hell. You are not all *Davids* of sufficient force to Duel it with the *Goliah* of Hell.

6. Do not commit any sin presuming on secrecy or Impunity, not on secrecy. For there is nothing hid but shall be revealed. Conscience that Bird of the Air shall publish upon the House top before Men and Angels, what you have done in your Privy Chambers. Angels see you, good and bad, and they shall Witness against you. God seeth you at all times. Who can hide himself from God that is every where, and knoweth all things? *Darkness and light are both alike*

alike to him. Psalm 139. 1. to 13. and *Job* 34. 21. 22.

Murderers have of all other sinners presumed most upon Secrecy, and yet how miraculously have they been detected? Dreams, Apparitions, and meer Circumstances have detected and Convicted them.

And suppose you might escape Scot-free as to man, is it possible you can escape the Justice of God? The Barbarous *Maltese* spake sound Doctrine, though they were out in their Application, when they said of *Paul*, no doubt this man is a Murderer, whom though he hath escaped the Sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live. God may forgive the Eternal, but will not remit the temporal punishment.

If you escape a publick Execution, you shall never a private one. Kings may pardon what God will not. Some that have escaped the Gallows, could never escape the Scourges of their own Conscience, which is Gods Vice-Gerent: Yea, though truly Penitent, yet have died either with grief of mind, or by the immediate stroke of Heaven. *Plymouth* can afford an example of the former many years ago; and *Scotland* shall of the Latter.

A Gentleman whose name was *Wastraw* a most bloody man, and other ways notorious for prophaneness, but most in this; that it was his great work, and pleasure to put difference betwixt men, and as it was at that time very easie to engage them in blood, whilest he had thus stirred up a neighbor Gentleman to kill another in that place, finding him after sore troubled in mind, thereanent, he told him more of that practise would be the best Cure, for he himself had killed Six, and at the first time was much disquieted, but the longer he did continue, it became the more easie.

But

But one day whileſt he was on ſuch an account, riding to a place where Two had tryſted to deſide a private Quarrel by Fighting, his Horſe ſtumbles on the ſide of a ſteep Rock, and he falls a great way down, his Sword falling out before him, yet without any hurt; and hereby ſuch a ſtrange piece of Providence tryſt and break in upon his Conſcience, ſo that he quits his Journey, turns home with great trouble and remorſe; a moſt kindly change following thereon, and for ſome years after witneſſed much tenderneſs and repentance by his afterwalk; ſpent much time alone, mourning before his death; and that day he died, having no viſible appearance thereof to thoſe who looked on, he was heard in his Chamber much Wreſtling in Prayer, and after long continuance thoſe of the Houſe were forced to break open the Door, getting no anſwer after their long knocking, and found him dead in the Room, but upon his knees in a Prayer poſture, and the whole blood of his body, which from every paſſage thereof had iſſued out, ſwimming about the Floor: It being viſible how all theſe paſſages were opened for that effect, a moſt aſtoniſhing inſtance declaring this to the world, though he pardon the iniquity of his people. Yet ſome ſins he will not let paſs without a viſible mark of his anger, but will take vengeance on their inventions. *I have given you the Story in its own* Scottiſh *Dialect.*

7. Carry this ever upon your hearts, keep it in your minds that you have a Father and Maſter in Heaven, and that dayly tributes of obedience and Thanksgiving muſt be yielded by you unto him.

That you are Gods Children, and Gods Servants, and you muſt Love, Honor, Reverence, and Obey the Lord, whoſe you are, and that you ought to ſerve him principally, in the firſt place, and continually to the very laſt.

Remember

Remember you have pretious, never dying Souls, and theſe muſt be ſaved. Do not for fear of any mans diſpleaſure diſpleaſe God, and Damn your Souls. If you once come to neglect God, to turn your backs upon your known duties, God will abandon you: And if God leave you, woe, woe unto you!

My dear Youth, acquaint your ſelves with the practice of ſecret Prayer. Be at leaſt once a day in private upon your knees before God. Bear the Yoke of Chriſts Commandments, it is a Golden Yoke, his Yoke is eaſie, his Burden light. You have ſeen very lately a vaſt difference between the Service of God and of ſin. When Souls drudge for ſin, like a curſed Tyrant, it makes them dig their untimely Graves.

Sin is neither profitable, nor honorable, nor comfortable. It puts you upon the baſeſt work, and pays the worſt wages. What fruit have ſinners had of ſin but ſhame? That Harveſt which they reap from the Seed of ſin, is nothing elſe but an heap of grief and deſperate ſorrows.

8. Receive warning and inſtruction from theſe dreadful providences. Do not boaſt nor glory over theſe wretches. You ſtand by Grace, be not high minded but fear, it is God withholds you from their ſins, and preſerves you from their Judgments.

Our bleſſed and Famous Martyr Maſter *Bradford* never ſaw any Malefactor leading to Execution, but he would ſmite upon his breaſt and ſay, Here! Within me is the root of that matter, for which this man ſuffers? You can all ſay the ſame.

Remember *Lots* Wife. If God erect *A Pillar of Salt* in *Plymouth*, if God Fire *a Beacon* upon *Catdown*, as God hath done in the Execution of theſe unfortu-

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nate Creatures, here is the uſe you muſt make of them, to hear, and fear, and do no more any ſuch wickedneſs.

They are become *a Sign unto you.* God hath made them your *Examples*, to the intent that you ſhould not luſt after evil things as they luſted.

They are *a Warning-piece* ſhot off in your Ears, *a Light-houſe* preſented to your Eyes, that you might be kept from the paths of the Deſtroyer. Theſe things are happened, and fallen out now in your days, for Examples that you might take admonition upon whom the ends, the laſt, and worſt days of the World are come.

The juſt Lord hath been in the midſt of us; he cannot do iniquity; every morning doth he bring his judgments to light, he faileth not. Oh! be not as the unjuſt that know no ſhame. When Gods judgments are come home, ſo near unto us, to our very Doors and Houſes, The Youth of *Plymouth* muſt learn righteouſneſs. If you will not be warned by others, God will make you a warning unto others.

Dear youth, remember, that all *Poyſoners*, all *Dogs* that Bark at Religion and Godly Perſons, all *Whoremongers*, and *Murderers*, all *wicked* and *unnatural Children*, all *diſobedient*, and *undutiful Servants* ſhall be driven out of Heaven, *by this Token*, *by this Sign*, that Two of *Plymouth* were lately by a very ſhameful and curſed death driven out of the *Earth*.

II. *Art thou a Superior? A Master, or Parent, Friendly Reader? Then suffer the word of Exhortation.*

1. STudy Christian Oeconomicks, the Arts of well-ordering thy Family according to the Laws of Christ, and put them into practice. It was an excellent Order of our Church, full of religious Prudence, that those who Married, should on their wedding day receive the Sacrament: Teaching us this Lesson, that none should enter upon Family charges, before they did well understand the nature of Family duties. Ah! how much is this neglected? Persons get into a married life, and get them Families, Servants, and Children before they have any skill to govern themselves, and neither skill nor will to govern such as are under them.

This is the true Source of all our mischiefs, the Seminary and Root of our abounding Prophaneness; and till there be a Reformation here in our respective Families, in Masters, and Parents, I shall despair of ever meeting with it among Children, or Servants. If Children prove unnatural, and Servants ungovernable, Why did you not teach them better? If you are ignorant of your duties, do not complain that they neglect theirs. If Poyson and Murder come into a Family, it was because the fear of God was not there.

2. *My dear Plimoutbians*, Give good Examples to those that are under you. They are led more by Examples than Precepts. They do not write after the best Copies, but those that are neareſt hand. Oh! walk before God, before your Children, and Servants in a perfect way. Read and Meditate upon the

101. *Pſalm.* There is a divine Platform of your whole duty. What Children learn from their Parents, Servants from their Maſters, that do they inſtil and teach alſo unto their Children and Servants.

The happineſs or wretchedneſs, the weal and woe of the next age depends upon the Education, and Examples of this. Make not poſterity miſerable, nor your own Fleſh and Blood, your deareſt parts, your chiefeſt Goods to curſe you when you are dead and gone, for your cockering and indulgence to them.

Live all the Sermons you hear, and be an Epiſtle of commendation of your Miniſters to your Children, Servants, Families, and the whole World. Let none under your roofs have occaſion to behold your miſcarriages. They are natural Apes, imitating what is bad, not what is good. Keep your ſelves from all ſin, and keep the ſight of ſin from all that belong unto you. If Children and Servants inſtead of Praying, hear Swearing and Curſing, inſtead of the Bible and Catechiſms, bloody Oaths and Blaſpheming, inſtead of ſeeing Holineſs, and the ſhining beauties of Godlineſs, ſhall be the Spectators of their Parents wickedneſs and uncleanneſs, Atheiſm and Irreligion; Mark it, Sirs, Mark what I tell you, without Miracles of mercy, you, and your Children, and your Servants, and your Houſes ſhall be undone Eternally. *The curſe of the Lord is in the Houſe of the Wicked, but he bleſſeth the Habitation of the Juſt.*

3. My dear Townſmen, Perform Family duties, let them not grow out of uſe and faſhion. Whatever others do, yet do you and your Families ſerve the Lord. Give God a Morning and Evening Sacrifice of Prayer and Thankſgiving. *He hath threatned to pour out his wrath upon the Families that call not upon his Name.* Jer. 10. *ult.* Prayerleſs Families, are Paganiſh Families, and Heathen Families are loathed by God.

Read

Read the Scriptures daily in your Houſes, Catechize and Inſtruct in the doctrinals of Religion the Youth within your Gates. Repeat, and frequently diſcourſe with them about the Word of God read, and preached. Sanctifie the Lords day. Sing *Pſalms*, and the high-ſounding Praiſes of God in your dwellings. Examine the Proficiency of your Children, and Servants in the grace and knowledg of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. Give due and ſeaſonable reprehenſion and correction, and ſpare not the Rod, unleſs you will ſpoil the Child. Comfort and incourage them in well-doing. Preſs them to private duties, and give them time for Cloſet-prayer; and do you endeavor to bring them to the publick Worſhip and Ordinances, eſpecially to the Sacraments. Remember that they who ſerve God moſt, will ſerve you beſt; that a graceleſs Servant is a Devil in your Family, which will ruin himſelf, and you, and yours alſo.

4. Conſider with your ſelves that you have the charge of Souls, there is a great truſt committed from Heaven unto Governours of Families. The Lord Treaſurer of the Kingdom hath no ſuch Jewels, nor Treaſure in the Exchequer, as you have in your Houſes. God hath made you the Guardians and Truſtees of pretious Souls, and as ſure as you live, ſhall you be reſponſible for them unto God. Do your utmoſt that none miſcarry under your hands. Prefer the concerns of their Souls to thoſe of your Bodies, and be at as much care and pains that they may live in Heaven, as you and yours to live on Earth. You are their beſt and ſureſt Friends, if faſt and faithful Friends unto their Souls. To ruin a Soul is the Trick and Work of Devils, it is an irreparable loſs, an everlaſting evil. Loſt Goods may be recovered, but if a Soul be once damned, either by your ſins of omiſſion or commiſſion, it can never be recovered more. The Lord deliver you from the Guilt of Soul-Murder.

5. When

5. When you diſpoſe your Children abroad in the World, get them into Religious Families, that they may drive a thriving trade Heaven-ward, and obtain the Inheritance of Gods Saints, his pretious promiſes. It is not Riches, nor Honors, nor great dealings in the VVorld; but Godlineſs that hath the promiſes of this life, and of that which is to come.

6. Are your Relations and Inferiors, your Children and Servants wicked, and irreligious? do you become better. Let not their ſins be juſtly charged on your Souls. Shortly, VVhen death is in your Pot, remember nothing but the Grace of God can preſerve you. Therefore value, and prize it. Did Servants do it? Conſider, that it is juſt with God, they ſhould be Inſtruments of your deſtruction, when your neglect of their Religious Education, is a real cauſe of their Trangreſſion. They muſt go to Heaven as well as you, and therefore ſhould injoy liberties, and opportunities for the ſolemn, and publick Worſhip of God as well as your ſelves.

The Gallows and Stake, the Fire and Halter preach unto Young and Old, High and Low, Parents and Children, Maſters and Servant this Doctrin, *That unleſs you do Repent, you ſhall alſo periſh.* Gods judgements upon others, are warnings unto us. It is an Oracle from Heaven, That ſuch who ſin as others, ſhall periſh as others: That if you do not repent, the wrath of God which lighted upon others, ſhall either here, or hereafter infallibly, and to all eternity light down upon you alſo.

FINIS.